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LITERATURE

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SENIOR COURSE
OF
LITERARY READING
AND
COMPOSITION

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY
LEWIS MARSH, M.A.
Headmaster of Ealing County School

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED
50 OLD BAILEY, LONDON; GLASGOW, BOMBAY

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By LEWIS MARSH, M.A., AND
G. N. GOODMAN, M.A.

A Junior Course of English Grammar and Composition.
In two Parts.

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PREFACE

Style in Composition does not depend on mechanical rules, nor is it to be acquired solely by composition lessons given in the teacher's own words, however useful this latter process may be in the earlier stages. The secret seems to lie in the extent and quality of the writer's reading. In this connection, I venture to quote from the *Suggestions to Teachers in Elementary Schools*, issued by the Board of Education: "Each book should provide him (*i.e.* the scholar) with new experiences and with models of the way in which those experiences should be expressed".

This little book is a humble effort to develop a method which, besides providing the pupil with "new experiences", will aid him to make use of them for the improvement of his powers of expression.

The nucleus of the Direct Method of teaching foreign languages is the Reader, and in this book the Reader is made the foundation of the whole of the instruction in English. Numerous extracts have been selected from great authors, both prose writers and poets, and an attempt has been made to give a fairly comprehensive view over English literature.

To each literary passage is appended a series of exercises on composition, the aim of which is to

develop the characteristics of the extract, to train the pupil's powers of observation and imitation, and to induce him to imbibe, perhaps unconsciously, the beauties of the original. The exercises are graduated, and each set leads up to a more or less complete form of essay: at first, simple descriptions; later, essays on the same subject as the text; and finally, essays on subjects suggested by the text. The essay-outlines which are provided are illustrated, where possible, by parallel passages from English authors.

The reproductions of famous pictures are intended to illustrate the extract which they accompany, and to provide visual assistance to the pupil in the free expression of his thoughts.

In Appendices are given biographical notes on the authors of extracts included in the Reader, a list of subjects for independent essays on general subjects, and another on educational subjects.

Though the book is primarily intended for school use, yet it is hoped that it will prove of service to candidates for the Pupil-Teacher Examinations and for the Certificate Examinations of the Board of Education, and for the benefit of these candidates the list of educational subjects for essays has been added.

L. M.

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SENIOR COURSE OF LITERARY READING AND COMPOSITION

I. A WRECK

An excited voice went clamouring along the staircase: "A wreck! A wreck! A wreck!" And I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. The sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being swelled; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling. I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next to me, pointed with his bare arm. Then, O great Heaven! I saw it, close in upon us! The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken

cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once. She was parting amidships. There was a great cry of pity from the beach: four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, an active figure with curling hair.

There was a bell on board. As the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, the bell rang; and its sound—the knell of those unhappy men—was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased: men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes. Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle. The life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread; still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it, and thought I was going distracted when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm

before, until there was a great retiring wave; when with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam. The distance was nothing; but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound—and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken. Running to the spot where they were hauling in, I saw consternation in every face. They drew him to my feet—insensible—dead—beaten to death by the great wave.

—CHARLES DICKENS (*adapted*).

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following phrases in complete sentences:—*

(1) All running in one direction; (2) rolled in, in interminable hosts; (3) a wild confusion of broken cordage; (4) parting amidships; (5) frantically imploring; (6) fly up in triumph; (7) hung upon a thread; (8) between him and destruction; (9) the silence of suspended breath; (10) buffeting with the water; (11) some eddying fragments.

II. *Rewrite the following as if you were one of the men on the wreck:—*

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. Four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost an active figure with curling hair. Again we lost her and again she rose. Two men

were gone. Another cry arose on shore, and we saw the cruel sail beat off the lower of the two men. The wreck was parting in the middle, the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread; still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, he was seen by all of us to wave it.

III. *Write a few sentences describing each of the following:—*

- (1) The appearance of the sea when I first ran into the street.
- (2) My first view of the wreck. (3) The feelings of the people on shore. (4) The death of one of the last two men on the wreck. (5) The appearance of the last survivor. (6) Ham's action. (7) The death of Ham.

II. ROYAL ELIZABETH

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery-tower; which was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of an hundred kings. ✓

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bare-headed, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment.

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person, were of course of the bravest and the fairest—the highest born nobles, and the wisest counsellors, of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen,

whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession whose front was of such august majesty.

Thus marshalled, the cavalcade approached the Gallery-tower, which formed the extreme barrier of the Castle.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Express in your own words the first paragraph, taking care that your account reads as pleasantly as the original.*

II. *Use the following phrases in complete sentences:—*

(1) A broad glare of light; (2) lined on either hand; (3) arrayed in the most splendid manner; (4) with peculiar grace and dignity; (5) than their rank demanded; (6) no inferior luminary; (7) under every prudential restraint; (8) glittered like a golden image; (9) chafed at the slow pace; (10) which he bestrode; (11) the red torchlight shone; (12) the lordly fault; (13) the grateful solicitude.

III. *Fill in the blank spaces so as to turn the following groups of words into complete sentences:—*

(1) Onward came the cavalcade — waxen torches — horsemen. (2) The Queen — jewels — central figure. (3) Stately and noble carriage — daughter — hundred kings. (4) Leicester — her Majesty's right hand — quality of host — Master of Horse. (5) No man in England — Europe — more perfect — horsemanship. (6) To the beauty — features — severest criticism — object — forehead.

IV. *Answer the following questions:—*

(1) Along what avenue did the procession advance? (2) How was the Queen mounted? (3) Why did Leicester ride on her Majesty's right hand? (4) What happened when Leicester's horse champed on his silver bits? (5) On what did the red torchlight shine? (6) Why did Leicester's features wear all the grateful solicitude of a subject?

V. *Write a few sentences describing the following:—*

(1) The approach of the procession. (2) The appearance of the Queen. (3) The appearance of the ladies of the Court. (4) The horse which Leicester bestrode.

III. THE STAGE-COACH

The stage-coach is a great and unpretending accommodation. It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking or even thinking more kindly of one another than if they mingled less often, or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence; the ailing sympathized with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished; the poor well met; the young, with their faces conscious of pride, patronized, and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay the fat, learn to bear with each other; and if some high-thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant, but the latter may be had on grander occasions; and if anyone is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue.

The mail- or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of greatcoat, gruffness, civility, and

old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket, mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every ale-house; for thirst when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to show the judicious reach of his whip, by twigging a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old ladies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride, and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to anyone that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow Street runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or Old Joey, and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He knows that the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corduroy knees and old top-boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes and never-cleaned soles. His *beau-*

idéal of appearance¹ is a frock-coat, with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

—LEIGH HUNT.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

I. *Write sentences containing each of the following words:—*

Substitute; accommodate; reverence; superiority; acquaintance; judicious; deference; indifferent; indescribably.

II. *Introduce the following phrases into complete sentences:—*

(1) To be no mean help to; (2) to be liable to; (3) to bear with one another; (4) to serve something for; (5) they would not make such appeals; (6) if anyone is so unlucky; (7) from the smaller range of acquaintance; (8) the judicious reach of his whip; (9) to be a happy mixture of; (10) an indifferent lash; (11) an indescribably placid and paternal look.

III. *Answer the following questions as fully as possible:—*

(1) For what is the stage-coach a cheap substitute? (2) How comes it that the passengers on a stage-coach get into the habit of thinking kindly of one another? (3) Why does the coachman like a glass at every ale-house? (4) What is it that is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity? (5) In what does the coachman's information chiefly lie? (6) What is the coachman's opinion of the four-in-hand gentry?

IV. *Write a few sentences describing the following:—*

(1) The general appearance of the old-time stage-coachman. (2) His habits on the road. (3) His treatment of passengers. (4) His conversation. (5) His favourite clothing.

NOTES.—¹ *beau-ideal of appearance*, notion of what would form the finest dress imaginable.

IV. THE CANOE OF HIAWATHA

“ Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!” 5

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves¹ were singing, 10
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, “ Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning, 15
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“ Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it, 20
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken. 25

“ Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar 30
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;

But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar, 35
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack²!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree! 40
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres, 45
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres, 50
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin, 55
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness, 60
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree, 65
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them, 70
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows, 75
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“Take my quills, O Hiawatha!”

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows, 80
Stained them red and blue and yellow
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace, 85
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it, 90
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river 95
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

-LONGFELLOW.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

I. *Write the first twenty-five lines in prose.*

II. *Use the following phrases in complete sentences:—*

(1) To cleave asunder; (2) to hew down; (3) to give of; (4) to close together; (5) to smear; (6) the Moon of Leaves; (7) to rustle in the breeze of morning; (8) he girdled the tree; (9) strong and pliant branches; (10) a murmur of resistance; (11) so to bind the ends together; (12) one long sigh of sorrow; (13) its robes of darkness; (14) smeared therewith.

III. *Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—*

(1) In what manner did the Birch-Tree reply to Hiawatha? (2) How did Hiawatha take the bark from the Birch-Tree? (3) Why did he need the fibrous roots of the Larch? (4) How was the framework of the canoe bound together? (5) Why did Hiawatha need the resin of the Fir? (6) "And the forest's life was in it"; explain this phrase.

IV. *Find suitable similes for the following:—*

(1) The shape of the framework of the canoe. (2) The rattling of the Fir-Tree. (3) The shivering of the Larch. (4) The balm of the Fir-Tree. (5) The gay singing of the birds. (6) The finished canoe as it floated on the river.

V. *Write a short account of the appearance of a forest on a summer morning, giving a few sentences descriptive of each of the following:—*

(1) General appearance, birds—leaves—sun—stream. (2) The rustling of the Birch, the majestic motion of the Cedar, the shivering of the Larch, the murmur of the sombre Fir. (3) The magic and mystery of the Forest.

NOTES.—¹ *Moon of Leaves* = month of May. ² *Tamarack* = American larch.

V. A FAMILY PORTRAIT

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a ^{painter} limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too.

Having, therefore, engaged the limner—for what could I do?—our next ^{discussion} deliberation was to show the superiority of our tastes in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges,—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style; and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all the families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner.

As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and

band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph¹, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request.

The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and ^{speed} expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and, it must be ^{confessed} owned, he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance which had not occurred till the picture was finished now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle: some wondered

how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences with the following words or phrases in them :—*

(1) In point of taste; (2) a stolen march; (3) to come to a unanimous resolution; (4) to be infinitely more genteel; (5) to be too frugal of; (6) to take the alarm at; (7) to travel the country; (8) as he wrought with assiduity and expedition; (9) it must be owned; (10) to give great encomiums; (11) so material a point; (12) in a most mortifying manner; (13) to be the jest of.

II. *Expand the following sentences or phrases, that is, write a little more about the ideas confined in them :—*

(1) This family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste. (2) A thing quite out of taste. (3) We came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together. (4) Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side. (5) Sophia was to be a shepherdess. (6) In less than four days the whole was completed. (7) We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance. (8) One compared it to Crusoe's long-boat.

III. *Answer the following questions :—*

(1) What did the writer's wife and daughters find on happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's? (2) At what did their spirit take the alarm? (3) How were their neighbour's family drawn? (4) To what unanimous resolution did they arrive? (5) Why would it be more genteel to be drawn together in one large historical piece? (6) How were the various members of the family to be represented? (7) How came it that the limner completed the picture in four days? (8) What was the unfortunate circumstance which had not occurred to the family till the picture was finished?

IV. *Write a short account of the incident described in the text, writing as if you were the limner.*

NOTES.—¹*joseph*, a long coat with a small cape, and buttoned down the front; worn chiefly by women in the eighteenth century.

VI. WILLIAM OF ORANGE ENTERS EXETER

First rode Macclesfield at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, ^{armours} and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. The citizens of Exeter, who had never seen so many specimens of the African race, gazed with wonder on those black faces ^{showing to advantage} set off by embroidered turbans and white feathers. Then, with drawn broad-swords, came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with a strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they had themselves slain the huge bears whose skins they wore.

Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the Prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowd which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England". But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the Prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume and mounted on a white ^{palmy} charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse, how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller¹. Once those grave

features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman, perhaps one of the zealous Puritans who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel, perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy.

Near to the Prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg², the first soldier in Europe, since Turenne and Condé were gone, the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese monarchy on the field of Montes Claros, the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a marshal of France for the sake of the true religion. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders, Bentinck, Solmes, and Ginkell, Talmash and Mackay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant regiment which still bore the name of the honoured and lamented Ossory³. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of more than one renowned event in which the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share. For they had seen service very different from that of the Devonshire militia or of the camp at Hounslow. Some of them had repelled the fiery onset of the French on the field of Seneffe⁴; and others had crossed swords with the infidels in the cause of Christendom on that great day when the siege of Vienna was raised.

The very senses of the multitude were fooled by imagination. News-letters conveyed to every part of the kingdom fabulous accounts of the size and strength of the invaders. It was affirmed that they were, with scarcely an exception, above six feet high, and that they wielded such huge pikes, swords, and muskets, as had never before been seen in England. Nor did the wonder of the population diminish when the artillery arrived, twenty-one heavy pieces of brass cannon, which were with difficulty tugged along by sixteen cart-horses to each. Much curiosity was excited by a strange structure mounted on wheels. It proved to be a movable smithy, furnished with all tools and materials necessary for repairing arms and carriages. But nothing caused so much astonishment as the bridge of boats, which was laid with great speed on the Exe for the conveyance of wag-gons, and afterwards as speedily taken to pieces and carried away.

—LORD MACAULAY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

1. *Write sentences with the following groups of words:—*

(1) First rode Macclesfield — gentlemen, — helmets and cuirasses. (2) The citizens of Exeter — black faces — turbans — feathers. (3) Then came — Swedish horsemen — armour — cloaks. (4) It was rumoured — natives — ocean was frozen — night lasted — had themselves slain — bears — skins. (5) The acclamations redoubled — running footmen — Prince — armed — white plume — mounted. (6) An ancient woman — rushed — swords — horses — hand of the deliverer — cried out — happy. (7) With peculiar pleasure — might look — regiment — bore the name — lamented Ossory. (8) Some of them — repelled — onset of the French — Seneffe; and others — swords — infidels — Christendom — day — siege of Vienna — raised.

II. *Use the following adjectives with suitable nouns:—*

Embroidered; drawn; fur; frozen; huge; goodly; memorable; armed; martial; commanding; ample; falcon; zealous; curvetting; gallant; renowned; fiery.

III. *Answer the following questions:—*

★(1) At the head of what troop did Macclesfield ride? (2) By whom was each gentleman attended? (3) How were the black faces of the negroes set off? (4) Why were the Swedish horsemen regarded with a strange interest? (5) What inscription was on the broad folds of the banner? (6) How did the Prince appear? (7) Describe the action of an old woman in the crowd. (8) Who was the great Count Schomberg? (9) How was the effect of the spectacle heightened? (10) In what renowned events had some of the warriors borne a share?

IV. *Write a short description of the procession (not from the point of view of a spectator, but from that of a Swedish horseman), enlarging upon:* (1) Macclesfield; (2) the banner; (3) the Prince; (4) the ancient woman; (5) Schomberg; (6) the gallant regiments.

NOTES.—¹ *Kneller*, Sir Godfrey, born at Lübeck, studied at Amsterdam, came to England 1675, became court painter. ² *Count Schomberg*, a grandson of the ninth Lord Dudley, served with Swedish army in Germany. Served later in Holland, France, and Portugal, where he had the chief command. Came to England. Served afterwards Louis XIV. On revocation of Edict of Nantes returned to Portugal. Took service with the Elector of Brandenburg, and afterwards with William of Orange, whom he accompanied to England in 1688. He was killed at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. ³ *Ossory*, Thomas Butler, Earl of Ossory, a distinguished soldier who died in 1680. ⁴ *Seneffe*, in Belgium, scene of an indecisive battle between William of Orange and the great Condé in 1674.

VII. SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular: and that in order to make them kneel, and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

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As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities¹ break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times in the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count

the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the

church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

—ADDISON.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following phrases or clauses in complete sentences:—*

(1) Of his own choosing; (2) at his coming to his estate; (3) that they very much value themselves; (4) to break out; (5) to mind what he was about; (6) to be remarkable for being; (7) thus he was kicking his heels; (8) that 'stand bowing to him on each side; (9) that he may encourage.

II. *Rewrite the following as if you were Sir Roger:—*

Sir Roger has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular. As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in church besides himself. As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel, and every now and then enquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church.

III. *Answer fully the following questions:—*

(1) How has Sir Roger beautified the inside of his church? (2) How did he improve his parishioners' attendance at church? (3) What does he do if he is surprised into a short nap in sermon? (4) What happens as soon as the sermon is finished? (5) How does the knight reprimand those who are absent from church? (6) What frequently happens when Sir Roger is pleased with a boy who answers well on catechising day? (7) How has he encouraged the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service?

NOTES.—¹ *particularities* = peculiarities. See Examples.



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THE DEATH OF CAESAR. By J. L. GEROME

[Chap. ix, "Death of Caesar"]

VIII. TO MAY

Though many suns have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire—a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's dreariest hour.
Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours";
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.
Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, "Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!"
Lo! Streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
Through which yon house of God
Gleams, 'mid the peace of this deep dale
By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one hour,
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following adjectives with suitable nouns in complete sentences:—*

Blithe; deathless; genial; dreariest; wayworn; humblest; virgin; bounteous; mouldering; foamy; glassy; leafy; lowly; beaten; self-restraining.

II. *Rewrite the first sixteen lines in prose, retaining the author's words and phrases as far as is consistent with the writing of prose.*

III. *Expand the poet's thought expressed in the following sentences:—*

(1) Oh for a lay that, when a thousand years are told, should praise thee, genial Power! (2) How many wan and faded cheeks have kindled into health since thy return! (3) The Old, by thee revived, have said: "Another year is ours". (4) No cliff so bare but on its steepes thy favours may be found. (5) Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread. (6) Streams that April could not check are patient of thy rule. (7) Keep, lovely May, as if by touch of self-restraining art, this modest charm of not too much, part seen, imagined part!

IV. *Write a short essay of about twelve lines in praise of the month of May, enlarging upon the following data:—*

(1) Our feelings on beholding the beauties of May. (2) The flowers and verdure. (3) The streams. (4) Conclusion—May's perfection.

IX. DEATH OF CÆSAR

Now Antonius, who was faithful to Cæsar and a robust man, was kept on the outside by Brutus Albinus, who purposely engaged him in a long conversation. When Cæsar entered, the Senate rose to do him honour, and some of the party of Brutus stood around his chair at the back, and others presented themselves before him, as if their purpose was to support the prayer of Tillius Cimber on behalf of his exiled brother, and they all joined in entreaty, following Cæsar as far as his seat. When he had taken his seat and was rejecting their entreaties, and as they urged them still more strongly, began to show displeasure towards them individually, Tillius taking hold of his toga¹ with both his hands, pulled it downwards from the neck, which was the signal for the attack. Casca was the first to strike him on the neck with his sword, a blow neither mortal nor severe, for as was natural at the beginning of so bold a deed he was confused, and Cæsar turning round seized the dagger and held it fast. And it happened that at the same moment he who was struck cried out in the Roman language, "You villain, Casca, what are you doing?" and he who had given the blow cried out to his brother in Greek, "Brother, help!"

Such being the beginning, those who were not privy to the conspiracy were prevented by consternation and horror at what was going on either from flying or going to aid, and they did not even venture to utter a word. And now each of the conspirators bared his sword, and Cæsar being hemmed in all

round, in whatever direction he turned meeting blows and swords aimed against his eyes and face, driven about like a wild beast, was caught in the hands of his enemies; for it was arranged that all of them should take a part in and taste of the deed of blood. Accordingly Brutus also gave him one blow in the groin. It is said by some authorities that he defended himself against the rest, moving about his body hither and thither, and calling out, till he saw that Brutus had drawn his sword, when he pulled his toga over his face and offered no further resistance, having been driven either by chance or by the conspirators to the base on which the statue of Pompeius stood. And the base was drenched with blood, as if Pompeius was directing the vengeance upon his enemy who was stretched beneath his feet and writhing under his many wounds; for he is said to have received three and twenty wounds. Many of the conspirators were wounded by one another, while they were aiming so many blows against one body.

After Cæsar was killed, though Brutus came forward as if he was going to say something about the deed, the Senators, without waiting to listen, rushed through the door, and making their escape filled the people with confusion and indescribable alarm, so that some closed their houses, and others left their tables and places of business, and while some ran to the place to see what had happened, others who had seen it ran away. But Antonius and Lepidus, who were the chief friends of Cæsar, stole away and fled for refuge to the houses of other persons. The partisans of Brutus, just as they

were, warm from the slaughter, and showing their bare swords, all in a body advanced from the Senate-house to the Capitol, not like men who were flying, but exulting and confident, calling the people to liberty, and joined by the nobles who met them. Some even went up to the Capitol with them and mingled with them as if they had participated in the deed, and claimed the credit of it, among whom were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But they afterwards paid the penalty of their vanity, for they were put to death by Antonius and the young Cæsar, without having enjoyed even the reputation of that for which they lost their lives, for nobody believed that they had a share in the deed. For neither did those who put them to death, punish them for what they did, but for what they wished to do.

On the next day Brutus came down and addressed the people, who listened without expressing disapprobation or approbation of what had been done, but they indicated by their deep silence that they pitied Cæsar and respected Brutus. The Senate, with a view of making an amnesty² and conciliating all parties, decreed that Cæsar should be honoured as a god, and that not the smallest thing should be disturbed which he had settled while he was in power; and they distributed among the partisans of Brutus provinces and suitable honours, so that all people supposed that affairs were quieted, and had been settled in the best way.

—PLUTARCH. (*From Long's Translation.*)

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences with the following groups of words:—*

(1) Antonius — on the outside — Brutus — engaged — conversation. (2) When he — seat — entreaties — displeasure — Tillius — toga — pulled it downwards — attack. (3) Casca struck him — neither mortal — as was natural — so bold a deed — confused. (4) Those who were not privy — were prevented — at what was going on — either — or — aid. (5) Cæsar being hemmed in — whatever direction — blows and swords — driven about — caught — enemies. (6) The Senators — door — escape — confusion — alarm — some closed — others — and while some — others — ran away.

II. *Improve the following sentences by changing, varying, or expanding words or phrases:—*

(1) When Cæsar came in, the Senate rose up to show him honour, and some of Brutus' party stood around his chair, and others stood before him, as if they wanted to support the request of Tillius Cimber about his exiled brother. (2) Casca was the first to strike him a blow, neither mortal nor severe, on the neck with his sword. (3) Cæsar turned round and seized the dagger and held it tight. (4) Those who knew all about the conspiracy were prevented, by consternation and horror at what was going on, from flying or helping, and not daring to say anything. (5) It is said by some writers, that Cæsar offered a stout defence against the rest, squirming his body about and calling out, till he saw that Brutus drew his sword, when he dragged his toga over his face.

III. *Write a short description of Cæsar's death, using all the words and phrases that you can remember, and endeavouring to imitate the clearness, preciseness, and smooth flow of the original.*

NOTES.—¹ *toga*, the mantle of a Roman citizen. ² *amnesty*, a pardon of political offenders.

X. THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

And when on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamour, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur, the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them: then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to ^{hopeful} sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners

had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest ^{enthusiasm and zeal} animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unrelenting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land.

Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez¹, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Roderigo Sanchez² of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared.

They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So ^{momentary} transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta*³ gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana, but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident, from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The

moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea? or was this the famed Cipango⁴ itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. Use the following words and phrases in complete sentences:—

A shoreless horizon; of a kind which; to give way to sanguine expectation; according to invariable custom; by such soft and favouring breezes; to make progress; to plough the waves; the shades of night; the dusky horizon; to glimmer; to reply in the affirmative; as it were; to attach importance to; to give the joyful signal; to continue their course; to lay to; the mystery of the ocean; aromatic groves; to be prone to; golden fancies; a savage wilderness; glittering fanes and gilded cities.

II. Use suitable adjectives, other than those in the text, to describe the following:—

Horizon; turbulence; weeds; staff; expectation; address; breeze; animation; countenance; light; gleam; signal; thoughts; glory; air; grove; race of men; fancy; crew; wilderness; city.

III. Answer the following questions:—

(1) What happened on the evening of the third day? (2) What manifestations of neighbouring land were received? (3) What

did Columbus do after the mariners had sung the vesper hymn? (4) Why did the vessels make great progress? (5) Where did Columbus take his station? (6) Why did he range his eye along the dusky horizon? (7) What did he behold about ten o'clock? (8) What was the appearance of the light on shore? (9) Why was the reward adjudged to the admiral? (10) How was it evident that the land was fruitful? (11) What must have swarmed upon the mind of Columbus?

IV. *Write a short account of* (a) the first signs of neighbouring land; (b) the anxious watch for the first sight of land; (c) the appearance of a light on shore; (d) the conjectures that thronged upon the mind of Columbus as he anxiously awaited the dawn.

NOTES.—¹ *Pedro Gutierrez*, an officer of Columbus's ship, the *Santa Maria*. ² *Roderigo Sanchez*, the ship's armourer. ³ The *Pinta*, one of the two caravels that accompanied the *Santa Maria*, the other was the *Niña*. ⁴ *Cipango*, the name given by Marco Polo to the most eastern of the empires he had visited, the empire of Japan; *Cipango* is a corruption of Japan.

XI. A SPANISH VICTORY

As a battle was now inevitable, Cortés¹ resolved to march out and meet the enemy in the field. This would have a show of confidence, that might serve the double purpose of intimidating the Tlascalans², and inspiring his own men, whose enthusiasm might lose somewhat of its heat, if compelled to await the assault of their antagonists, inactive in their own intrenchments. They had not advanced a quarter of a league, when they came in sight of the Tlascalan army. Its dense array stretched far and wide over a vast plain or meadow ground, about six miles square. Its appearance justified the report which had been given of its numbers³. Nothing could be more picturesque than the aspect of the Indian battalions, with the naked bodies of the common soldiers gaudily painted, the fantastic helmets of the chiefs glittering with gold and precious stones, and the glowing panoplies of feather-work, which decorated their persons.

As soon as the Castilians came in sight, the Tlascalans set up their yell of defiance, rising high above the wild barbaric minstrelsy of shell, atabal⁴, and trumpet, with which they proclaimed their triumphant anticipations of victory over the paltry forces of the invaders. When the latter had come within bow-shot, the Indians hurled a tempest of missiles, that darkened the sun for a moment as with a passing cloud, strewing the earth around with heaps of stones and arrows. Slowly and steadily the little band of Spaniards held on its way, amidst this arrowy shower, until it had

reached what appeared the proper distance for delivering its fire with full effects. Cortés then halted, and, hastily forming his troops, opened a general well-directed fire along the whole line. Every shot bore its errand of death; and the ranks of the Indians were mowed down faster than their comrades in the rear could carry off their bodies, according to custom, from the field. The balls in their passage through the crowded files, bearing splinters of the broken harness and mangled limbs of the warriors, scattered havoc and desolation in their path. The mob of barbarians stood petrified with dismay, till, at length, galled to desperation by their intolerable suffering, they poured forth simultaneously their hideous war-shriek, and rushed impetuously on the Christians.

On they came like an avalanche, or mountain torrent, shaking the solid earth, and sweeping away every obstacle in its path. The little army of Spaniards opposed a bold front to the overwhelming mass. But no strength could withstand it. They faltered, gave way, were borne along before it, and their ranks were broken and thrown into disorder. It was in vain the general called on them to close again and rally. His voice was drowned by the din of fight and the fierce cries of the assailants. For a moment it seemed that all was lost. The tide of battle turned against them, and the fate of the Christians was sealed.

But every man had that within his bosom, which spoke louder than the voice of the general. Despair gave unnatural energy to his arm. The naked body of the Indian afforded no resistance to the sharp Toledo steel; and with their good swords, the Spanish infantry at length succeeded in staying the human

torrent. The heavy guns from a distance thundered on the flank of the assailants, which, shaken by the iron tempest, was thrown into disorder. Their very numbers increased the confusion, as they were precipitated on the masses in front. The horse at the same moment, charged gallantly under Cortés, followed up the advantage, and at length compelled the tumultuous throng to fall back with greater precipitation and disorder than that with which they had advanced.

—W. H. PRESCOTT.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following nouns with suitable adjectives or adjectival phrases:—*

Array; plain; aspect; helmets; panoplies; minstrelsy; anticipations; cloud; fire; files; mob; suffering; war-shriek; torrent; front; mass; cries; energy; steel; tempest; throng.

II. *Expand the following sentences, that is, write a little more about the idea contained in them:—*

(1) Cortés resolved to march out. (2) They came in sight of the Tlascalcan army. (3) Nothing could be more picturesque than the aspect of the Indian battalions. (4) The Tlascalans set up their yell of defiance. (5) The Indians hurled a tempest of missiles. (6) Slowly and steadily the little band of Spaniards held on its way. (7) Cortés opened a well-directed fire. (8) The balls scattered havoc and desolation in their path. (9) On they came like an avalanche. (10) Their ranks were broken and thrown into disorder. (11) Their very numbers increased the confusion.

III. *Answer the following questions:—*

(1) Why might the enthusiasm of the Spanish soldiers lose something of its heat? (2) Give a short account of the striking appearance of the Tlascalcan army. (3) How did the Tlascalans proclaim their triumphant anticipations of victory? (4) What

happened when the Spaniards came within bow-shot? 5. How did the Spanish fire affect the ranks of the Indians? (6) Compare the advance of the barbarians to an avalanche. (7) How did the vast numbers of the Tlascalans increase their confusion?

IV. *Write a short account of the battle, writing as if you were one of the Tlascalans.*

NOTES.—¹ *Cortés*, Hernando Cortés, the Spanish adventurer, who conquered Mexico, was born in Estremadura in 1485. ² *Tlascala*, a small republic on the borders of Mexico which had long maintained its independence against the forces of that empire, with which it was almost constantly at war. ³ *numbers*, through the magnifying glass of Cortés they appeared to be 150,000 men. ⁴ *atabai*, kettle-drum.

XII. FLOWERS

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers and tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad¹-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad², its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till a fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

—SHELLEY.

“O Proserpina³,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon⁴! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes⁵,
Or Cytherea's⁶ breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus⁷ in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce⁸ being one! O! these I lack
To make you garlands of.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following adjectives with suitable nouns in complete sentences:—*

Silver; fan-like; fair; wintry; companionless; pied; tall; pale; tremulous; tender; purple; white and blue; delicate; intense;

glowing; fainting; wand-like; moonlight-coloured; fiery; dim; bold; imperial; frightened.

II. *Find suitable comparisons for the following:—*

The leaves of the Sensitive Plant; the breezes of evening; the trembling of the Sensitive Plant; the tall tulip; the blossom of the lily of the valley; the odour of the hyacinth; the lily; the white tuberoses; the humble violet; the pale primrose; the oxlip.

III. *Rewrite the second extract in prose, expanding the sense where insufficient to the requirements of good prose, examples of which you have had in preceding pages.*

IV. *Find suitable adjectives other than those used in the text to describe the following:—*

The rose; Spring; the wilderness; the snowdrop; the violet; the tulip; the narcissus; the lily of the valley; the hyacinth; the lily; the sky; the jessamine; the tuberoses; the daffodil; the winds of March; the primrose; the month of March; the season of Spring.

V. *Write a short essay on Spring Flowers, bearing in mind the following data:—*

(1) Spring weather which produces flowers; (2) varieties of Spring flowers and characteristics of each; (3) feelings inspired by the sight and odour of the flowers.

NOTES.—¹ *Naiads*, beautiful young nymphs, the tutelary spirits of rivers and streams. ² *Menad*, a Bacchante, a drunken fury. ³ *Proserpina* = Persephone, the daughter of Zeus and Demeter, the wife of Hades or Dis, and goddess of death. She was carried off by Dis, on the advice of Zeus, when gathering flowers with Artemis and Athena. ⁴ *Dis's waggon*—in which Persephone was being carried away. ⁵ *Juno's eyes*. Juno's eyes were specially large and soft. She is called by Homer the "ox-eyed". ⁶ *Cyltherea*, a name for Aphrodite or Venus. ⁷ *Phæbus*, a name of Apollo, one of the great divinities of the Greeks in his capacity of God of the Sun. ⁸ *flower-de-luce* = the white Iris.

XIII. THE OPIUM-EATER

One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port, about forty miles distant. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house.

I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose

trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling. He had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl, its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled, or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.

My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (madjoon) which I have learnt from Anastasius. And as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad, considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret.

He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature: but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him surged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it: he took his leave; and for some days I felt anxious: but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following words and phrases in complete sentences:—*

To transact business; to conjecture; born and bred; an impassable gulf; dilemma; the reputed learning; to exorcise; statuesque attitudes; ostentatiously complex; a rustic hall of

entrance; an erect and independent attitude; to veneer with; slavish gestures and adorations; remarkably extensive; in point of longitude; on his departure; to be struck with consternation; in compassion for; to violate the laws of hospitality; being found dead; a night of respite.

II. *Render the following sentences more emphatic:—*

(1) I cannot conjecture what business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains. (2) His turban confounded her. (3) As the Malay's attainments in English were of the same extent as the maid's in Malay, it seemed impossible for them to communicate their ideas to one another. (4) The Malay stood in a cottage kitchen, panelled with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak. (5) A more striking picture there could not be imagined than the exquisite fairness of the beautiful English face of the girl, together with her erect and independent attitude.

III. *Answer the following questions:—*

(1) What kind of girl was the maid who opened the door to the Malay? (2) What did she do when she failed to understand him? (3) Why did she apply to her master? (4) Where did the Malay stand? (5) With what did the beautiful English face of the girl form a striking contrast? (6) Why did the author address the Malay in some lines from the Iliad? (7) Why was the author struck with consternation? (8) How was the author convinced that the Malay was used to opium?

IV. *Write a short account of the above incident, bringing in as many of the author's words and phrases as you can remember, and bearing in mind the emphatic constructions of Exercise II.*

XIV. WORK IN UTOPIA

The chief and almost the only office of the Siphogrants is, to see and take heed that no man sit idle, but that everyone apply his own craft with earnest diligence, and yet for all that, not to be wearied from early in the morning to late in the evening with continual work like labouring and toiling beasts; for this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen; which, nevertheless, is almost everywhere the life of workmen and artificers, saving in Utopia.

For they (the Utopians), dividing the day and the night into twenty-four just hours, appoint and assign only six of those hours to work; three of those hours before noon, upon the which they go straight to dinner; and after dinner, when they have rested two hours, then they work three hours, and upon that they go to supper.

About eight of the clock in the evening (counting one of the clock the first hour after noon) they go to bed: eight hours they give to sleep. 'All the void time that is between the hours of work, sleep, and meat, that they be suffered to bestow every man as he liketh best himself. Not to the intent that they should misspend this time in riot or slothfulness; but being then licensed from the labour of their own occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftily upon some other science, as shall please them. For it is a solemn custom there to have lectures daily, early in the morning, where to be present they only

to be constrained that be namely chosen and appointed to learning. Howbeit, a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one and some another, as every man's nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestow this time upon his own occupation (as it chanceth in many whose minds rise not in the contemplation of any science liberal) he is not letted¹ or prohibited, but is also praised and commended, as profitable to the commonwealth.

But here, lest you be deceived, one thing you must look more narrowly upon. For seeing they bestow but six hours in work, perchance you may think that the lack of some necessary things hereof may ensue. But this is nothing so; for that small time is not only enough, but also too much for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite, either for the necessity or commodity of life. The which thing you also shall perceive, if you weigh and consider with yourselves how great a part of the people in other countries liveth idle. First, almost all women, which be the half of the whole number: or else, if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonly in their stead the men be idle. Besides this, how great and how idle a company is there of priests and religious men, as they call them? Put thereto all rich men, specially all landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen and noblemen. Take into this number also their servants. I mean all that flock of stout bragging rushbucklers²: Join to them also sturdy and valiant beggars, cloaking their idle life under the colour of some disease or sickness. And truly you shall find

them much fewer than you thought, by whose labour all these things are wrought, that in men's affairs are now daily used and frequented.

Now, consider within yourself, of these few that do do work, how few be occupied in necessary works. For where money beareth all the swing, there many vain and superfluous occupations must needs be used to serve only for riotous superfluity and unhonest pleasure. For the same multitude that now is occupied in work, if they were divided into so few occupations as the necessary use of nature requireth; in so great plenty of things as then of necessity would ensue, doubtless the prices would be too little for the artificers to maintain their livings.

But if all these, that be now busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flock of them that live idly and slothfully, which consume and waste every one of them more of these things that come by other men's labour, than two of the workmen themselves do: if all these (I say) were set to profitable occupations, you easily perceive how little time would be enough, yea, and too much, to store us with all things that may be requisite either for necessity or for commodity, yea, or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be true and natural.

And this in Utopia the thing itself maketh manifest and plain. For there, in all the city, with the whole country or shire adjoining to it, scarcely five hundred persons of all the whole number of men and women, that be neither too old nor too weak to work, be licensed and discharged from labour. Among them be the Siphogrants, who, though they be by the laws exempt and privileged from labour, yet they exempt

not themselves, to the intent they may the rather by their example provoke others to work.

—SIR THOMAS MORE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following words and phrases in complete sentences:—*

To take heed; saving in; upon the which; about eight of the clock; the void time; as he liketh best himself; not to the intent that; as shall please them; whereto; howbeit; this notwithstanding; to look more narrowly upon; perchance; in their stead; under the colour of; to be wrought; in so great plenty.

II. *Write the second paragraph in modern English, taking care not to depart from the thought of the original.*

III. *Vary or expand the words in italics:—*

(1) Every one must *apply his own craft* with earnest diligence. (2) This is worse than the miserable condition of *bondmen*. (3) They are licensed to bestow *all the void time* upon some other science. (4) It is *a solemn custom* to have lectures daily. (5) A great multitude, both men and women, go to hear lectures, *some one and some another*.

IV. *Improve the following sentences:—*

(1) Where money beareth all the swing, there many vain and superfluous occupations must needs be used, to only serve for riotous superfluity. (2) How great and how idle a company are there of priests and religious men. (3) The chief office of the Siphogrants is, to see that no man sits idle. (4) They are licensed to bestow the time upon some other science thriftily and well. (5) A great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go in crowds to hear lectures.

V. *Expand the idea of the following passage:—*

“They bestow but six hours in work, and that time is not only enough, but also too much for the abundance of all things that be requisite for the necessity or commodity of life.”

NOTES.—¹ *letted* = hindered. ² *rushbucklers* = swashbucklers, bullies.

XV. CHOICE OF FRIENDS

Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, "I choose this man to be my friend because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to me in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me?" For what else should I choose? For being a fool and useless? for a pretty face and a smooth chin? I confess it is possible to be a friend to one that is ignorant and pitiable, handsome and good for nothing, that eats well, and drinks deep; but he cannot be a friend to me: and I love him with a fondness or a pity, but it cannot be a noble friendship.

Plutarch calls such friendships "the idols and images of friendship". True and brave friendships are between worthy persons; and there is in mankind no degree of worthiness, but is also a degree of usefulness, and by everything by which a man is excellent I may be profited: and because those are the bravest friends which can best serve the ends of friendships, either we must suppose that friendships are not the greatest comforts in the world, or else we must say, "He chooses his friend best, that chooses such a one by whom he can receive the greatest comforts and assistances."

This being the measure of all friendships; they all partake of excellency, according as they are fitted to this measure. A friend may be counselled well enough though his friend be not the wisest man in the world; and he may be pleased in his society, though he be not

the best natured man in the world; but still it must be, that something excellent is, or is apprehended, or else it can be no worthy friendship; because the choice is imprudent and foolish. Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenuous and honest; and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty; but in such things which consist in an indivisible point make no abatements; that is, you must not choose him to be your friend that is not honest and secret, just and true to a tittle; but if he be wise at all, and useful in any degree, and as good as you can have him, you need not be ashamed to own your own friendships, though sometimes you may be ashamed of some imperfections of your friend.

But if you yet inquire, further, whether fancy may be an ingredient in your choice? I answer, that fancy may minister to this as to all other actions in which there is a liberty and variety. And we shall find that there may be peculiarities, and little partialities, a friendship improperly so called, entering upon accounts of an innocent passion and a pleased fancy. For in all things where there is a latitude, every faculty will endeavour to be pleased, and sometimes the meanest persons in a house have a festival: even sympathies and natural inclinations to some persons, and a conformity of humours, and proportionable loves, and the beauty of the face, and a witty answer, may first strike the flint and kindle a spark, which if it falls upon tender and compliant natures may grow into a flame; but this will never be maintained at the rate of friendship unless it be fed by pure materials, by worthinesses which are the food of friendship: where these are not,

men and women may be pleased with one another's company, and lie under the same roof, and make themselves companions of equal prosperities, and humour their friend; but if you call this friendship, you give a sacred name to humour or fancy.

Because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons, that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other. And though in equal worthiness I may choose by my eye, or ear, that is, into the consideration of the essential, I may take in also the accidental and extrinsic worthinesses; yet I ought to give everyone their just value: when the internal beauties are equal, these shall help to weigh down the scale, and I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more: but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat; but when I am to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. I had rather see thyme and roses, marjoram¹ and July flowers, that are fair and sweet and medicinal, than the prettiest tulips that are good for nothing: and my sheep and kine are better servants than race-horses and greyhounds. And I shall rather furnish my study with Plutarch and Cicero, with Livy and Polybius, than with Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa; and if I do give an hour to these for divertisement² or pleasure, yet I will dwell with them that can instruct me, and make me wise and eloquent, severe and useful to myself and others.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following words and phrases in complete sentences:—*

In my sorrows; to make double; to drink deep; no degree of worthiness; to be profited; which can best serve; such a one; the measure; to be counselled; though he be not; choose for your friend; in any degree; ingredient; to enter upon accounts of; the meanest persons; a conformity of humours; to strike the flint; with one another's company; to humour.

II. *Improve the following sentences:—*

(1) Can any wise man be angry if I say, I choose this man to be my friend because he is able to give me counsel and to restrain my wanderings and to comfort me in my sorrows? (2) Whom do you say chose to call himself my friend? (3) All friendships partake of excellency according whether they are fitted to this measure. (4) Choose for your friend he that is wise and good. (5) You must not choose the man who is at all dishonest in any degree. (6) But this will never be maintained at the rate of friendship unless it be fed by pure materials, by worthiness which are the food of friendship.

III. *Answer the following questions, using complete sentences:—*

(1) Why do I choose a man to be my friend? (2) Who is it that cannot be a friend to me? (3) How may I be profited? (4) Which are the bravest friends? (5) Who chooses his friends best? (6) What kind of man should we choose for our friend? (7) Can fancy be an ingredient in our choice? (8) What may first strike the flint and kindle a spark? (9) Under what conditions may this spark grow into a flame?

IV. *Write a short essay on The Choice of Friends, enlarging upon the following points:—*

(a) True and brave friendships are between worthy persons. (b) What kind of man should we choose for a friend and what kind should we avoid? (c) Are we influenced in our choice by first impressions? (d) Pure materials are the food of friendship.

NOTES.—¹ *marjoram*, an aromatic plant belonging to the same order as mint. ² *divertisement* = amusement.

XVI. SUMMER

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow, 5
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 10
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill, 15
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state, 20
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 25
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures, 30
Russet lawns, and fallows¹ gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,

Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 35
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes. 40
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis², met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes, 45
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 50
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks³ sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid, 55
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday. —MILTON.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following words and phrases in complete sentences:—*

In spite of; to bid good morrow; to strut before; to rouse;
 right against; robed in amber light; near at hand; to whet;
 the nibbling flocks; hard by; to bind; upland; many a youth;
 to come forth to play.

II. *Write sentences, each containing one of the following nouns
 qualified by a suitable adjective:—*

The night; dawn; din; hill; light; land; lawns; flocks; meadows; brooks; trees; oak; haycock; hamlet; shade; holiday.

III. *Write lines 1-28 in prose.*

IV. *Expand the poet's thought expressed in the following sentences:—*

(1) The dappled dawn doth rise from his watch-tower in the skies. (2) The hounds and horn cheerly rouse the slumbering morn. (3) The great sun begins his state, robed in flames and amber light. (4) Mine eye hath caught new pleasures whilst it measures the landscape round. (5) Young and old come forth to play on a sunshine holiday.

V. *Write a short essay on Summer, dwelling solely on the sights which the country offers on a summer day:—*Describe the morning scene, the lark, the cock, the sunrise; the ploughman, milkmaid, mower, and shepherd depart to their daily tasks. The nibbling flocks, the brooks and rivers, the meadows covered with daisies; a country cottage; the village dances which take place from time to time.

NOTES.—¹*fallow*, ploughed land left uncropped. ²*Corydon and Thyrsis*, shepherds who have a poetic contest in Virgil's seventh eclogue; hence, peasants, rustics. ³*rebecs*, musical instruments of the violin kind.

XVII. THE ATTACK ON THE MILL

A crash—smash—shiver—stopped their whispers. A simultaneously-hurled volley of stones had saluted the broad front of the mill, with all its windows; and now every pane of every lattice lay in shattered and pounded fragments. A yell followed this demonstration—a rioters' yell—a North of England—a Yorkshire—a West-Riding—a West-Riding-clothing-district-of-Yorkshire rioters' yell. You never heard that sound, perhaps, reader? So much the better for your ears—perhaps for your heart; since, if it rends the air in hate to yourself, or to the men or principles you approve, the interests to which you wish well, Wrath wakens to the cry of Hate: the Lion shakes his mane, and rises to the howl of the Hyena: Caste stands up, ireful against Caste; and the indignant, wronged spirit of the Middle Rank bears down in zeal and scorn on the famished and furious mass of the Operative class. It is difficult to be tolerant—difficult to be just—in such moments.

Caroline rose; Shirley put her arm round her; they stood together as still as the straight stems of two trees. That yell was a long one, and when it ceased, the night was yet full of the swaying and murmuring of a crowd.

"What next?" was the question of the listeners. Nothing came yet. The mill remained mute as a mausoleum¹.

"He *cannot* be alone!" whispered Caroline.

"I would stake all I have, that he is as little alone as he is alarmed," responded Shirley.

Shots were discharged by the rioters. Had the defenders waited for this signal? It seemed so. The hitherto inert and passive mill woke; fire flashed from its empty window-frames; a volley of musketry pealed sharp through the Hollow.

"Moore speaks at last!" said Shirley, "and he seems to have the gift of tongues; that was not a single voice."

"He has been forbearing; no one can accuse him of rashness," alleged Caroline: "their discharge preceded his; they broke his gates and his windows; they fired at his garrison before he repelled them."

What was going on now? It seemed difficult in the darkness to distinguish, but something terrible, a still-renewing tumult, was obvious: fierce attacks, desperate repulses; the mill-yard, the mill itself, was full of battle movement: there was scarcely any cessation now of the discharge of firearms; and there was struggling, rushing, trampling, and shouting between. The aim of the assailants seemed to be to enter the mill, that of the defendants to beat them off. They heard the rebel leader cry, "To the back, lads!" They heard a voice retort, "Come round, we will meet you!"

"To the counting-house!" was the order again.

"Welcome!—We shall have you there!" was the response. And accordingly the fiercest blaze that had yet glowed, the loudest rattle that had yet been heard, burst from the counting-house front, when the mass of rioters rushed up to it.

The voice that had spoken was Moore's own voice. They could tell by its tones that his soul was now warm with the conflict: they could guess that the

fighting animal was roused in every one of those men there struggling together, and was for the time quite paramount above the rational human being.

Both the girls felt their faces glow and their pulses throb: both knew they would do no good by rushing down into the *mêlée*²: they desired neither to deal nor to receive blows; but they could not have run away—Caroline no more than Shirley; they could not have fainted; they could not have taken their eyes from the dim, terrible scene—from the mass of cloud, of smoke—the musket-lightning—for the world.

“How and when would it end?” was the demand throbbing in their throbbing pulses. “Would a juncture arise in which they could be useful?” was what they waited to see; for though Shirley put off their too-late arrival with a jest, and was ever ready to satirize her own or any other person’s enthusiasm, she would have given a farm of her best land for a chance of rendering good service.

The chance was not vouchsafed her; the looked-for juncture never came: it was not likely. Moore had expected this attack for days, perhaps weeks; he was prepared for it at every point. He had fortified and garrisoned his mill, which was in itself a strong building: he was a cool, brave man: he stood to the defence with unflinching firmness; those who were with him caught his spirit, and copied his demeanour. The rioters had never been so met before. At other mills they had attacked, they had found no resistance; an organized, resolute defence was what they had never dreamed of encountering. When their leaders saw the steady fire kept up from the mill, witnessed the composure and determination of its owner, heard

themselves coolly defied and invited on to death, and beheld their men falling wounded round them, they felt that nothing was to be done here. In haste, they mustered their forces, drew them away from the building: a roll was called over, in which the men answered to figures instead of names; they dispersed wide over the fields, leaving silence and ruin behind them. The attack, from its commencement to its termination, had not occupied an hour.

Day was by this time approaching: the west was dim, the east beginning to gleam. It would have seemed that the girls who had watched this conflict would now wish to hasten to the victors, on whose side all their interest had been enlisted; but they only very cautiously approached the now battered mill, and, when suddenly a number of soldiers and gentlemen appeared at the great door opening into the yard, they quickly stepped aside into a shed, the deposit of old iron and timber, whence they could see without being seen.

—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

I. *Write complete sentences containing the following words or phrases:—*

It rends the air; ireful; the famished and furious mass; the swaying and murmuring of a crowd; to have the gift of tongues; full of battle movement; warm with the conflict; the dim, terrible scene; to vouchsafe; with unflinching firmness; an organized, resolute defence; the composure and determination.

II. *Render the following sentences more emphatic:—*

(1) The swaying and murmuring of a crowd could be heard through the night. (2) It seemed difficult in the darkness to distinguish what was going on now. (3) Neither Caroline nor Shirley could have run away. (4) "How and when would it

end?" was the demand coursing in their throbbing pulses. (5) They waited to see if a juncture would arise in which they could be useful. (6) They had never dreamed of encountering an organized, resolute defence.

III. *Correct or improve the following sentences:—*

(1) They stepped aside quickly into a shed, from where they could see without anyone seeing them. (2) An organized resolute defence was what they had never, and would never dream of encountering. (3) A roll was called over, in which everyone answered to their figures instead of their names. (4) The fiercest blaze that had yet glowed, the loudest rattle that had yet been heard, resounded from the counting-house front. (5) Moore had expected this attack every day for weeks; he was prepared for it at every point; every man with him caught his spirit and copied his demeanour.

IV. *Write a short account of the attack on the mill, bearing in mind the following points:—*

(a) The first blow struck by the rioters; (b) the return fire; (c) the surprise of the rioters at the organized defence; (d) the men are called off by their leaders.

NOTES.—¹ *mausoleum* = a magnificent tomb, a monument. ² *mêlée* = a fight in which the fighters are mixed up confusedly, or, rather according to no definite plan.

XVIII. GULLIVER AND THE KING OF THE GIANTS

The king desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs, (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses,) he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praises of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers, persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom,

worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it was to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party, among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I

thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

SWIFT.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. Write sentences with the following groups of words:—

(1) As fond as princes — customs — glad to hear — imitation. (2) How I wished — Demosthenes — enabled me — dear native country — merits and felicity. (3) I dwelt long — soil — climate. (4) I described — care — education — to qualify them — counsellors — kingdom. (5) To these were joined — bishops — to take care of religion — instruct the people. (6) The other part of the parliament — Commons — gentlemen — culled — for their great abilities — country — wisdom — nation.

II. Expand or vary the words in italics:—

(1) The king desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England *as I possibly could*. (2) How I wished for the *tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero*. (3) I *dwelt long* upon the fertility of our soil. (4) I spoke *at large* upon the constitution of an English parliament. (5) These were the *ornament and bulwark* of the kingdom. (6) The *peculiar business* of the bishops was to take care of religion. (7) These two bodies made up the *most august assembly* in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole *legislature* is committed.

III. Answer the following questions:—

(1) What did the king desire Gulliver to give him? (2) Why did Gulliver wish for the tongue of a Cicero? (3) What kind of people made up the House of Peers? (4) Of whom were the Peers worthy followers? (5) What priests were chosen to be bishops? (6) Why were the members of the House of Commons chosen? (7) For what purpose did the judges preside? (8) How did Gulliver compute the number of his people? (9) How did he finish his account?

IV. Write out from memory Gulliver's account of the government of England, dealing firstly with the House of Peers, and secondly with the House of Commons.

XIX. DEATH OF SOCRATES

Then Criton, hearing this, gave a sign to the boy that stood near him; and the boy departing, and having stayed for some time, came back with the person that was to administer the poison, who brought it pounded in a cup. And Socrates, looking at the man, said, "Well, my friend (for you are knowing in these matters), what is to be done?" "Nothing" (he said) "but, after you have drunk it, to walk about, until a heaviness takes place in your legs, and then to lie down: this is the manner in which you have to act." And at the same time he extended the cup to Socrates. And Socrates taking it—and indeed, Echecrates—with great cheerfulness, neither trembling nor suffering any change for the worse in his colour or countenance, but as he was used to do, looking up sternly at the man, "What say you," he said, "as to making a libation from this potion? May I do it or not?" "We can only bruise as much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient for the purpose." "I understand you," he said; "but it is both lawful and proper to pray to the gods that my departure from hence thither may be prosperous: which I entreat them to grant may be the case." And, so saying, he stopped, and drank the poison very readily and pleasantly.

And thus far indeed the greater part of us were tolerably well able to refrain from weeping: but when we saw him drinking, and that he had drunk it, we could no longer restrain our tears. And from me indeed, in spite of my efforts, they flowed, and not drop by drop; so that, wrapping myself in my mantle, I

bewailed myself, not indeed for his misfortune, but for my own, considering what a companion I should be deprived of. But Criton, who was not able to restrain his tears, was compelled to rise before me. And Apollodorus, who during the whole time prior to this had not ceased from weeping, then wept aloud with great bitterness, so that he infected all who were present except Socrates. But Socrates, upon seeing this, exclaimed, "What are you doing, you strange men! In truth, I principally sent away the women lest they should produce a disturbance of this kind; for I have heard that it is proper to die among well-omened sounds. Be quiet, therefore, and maintain your fortitude." And, when we heard this, we were ashamed and restrained our tears.

But he, when he found during his walking about that his legs became heavy, and had told us so, laid himself down on his back. For the man had told him to do so. And at the same time, he who gave him the poison, touching him at intervals, examined his feet and legs. And then, pressing very hard on his foot, he asked him if he felt it. But Socrates answered that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs, and thus going upwards, he showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates also touched himself, and said that when the poison touched his heart he should then depart. But now the lower part of his body was almost cold; when, uncovering himself (for he was covered), he said (and these were his last words), "Criton, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Discharge this debt therefore for me, and do not neglect it." "It shall be done," said Criton; "but consider whether you have

any other commands." To this inquiry of Criton he made no reply; but shortly after he moved himself, and the man uncovered him. And Socrates fixed his eyes; which, when Criton perceived, he closed his eyes and mouth. This, Echecrates, was the end of our companion; a man, as it appears to me, the best of those whom we were acquainted with at that time, and, besides this, the most prudent and just.

—PLATO. (*From Taylor's Translation.*)

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. Use the following words and phrases in complete sentences:—

And the boy departing; a change for the worse; as he was used to do; to make a libation; my departure from hence; so saying; tolerably well able; drop by drop; to bewail; the time prior to this; well-omened sounds; touching him at intervals; when Criton perceived; the best of those whom.

II. Express the following sentences in the language of Plato:—

(1) The boy departed, and having stayed away for some time, came back with the poison. (2) He looked up sternly at the man, as was his custom. (3) Thus far, indeed, most of us had been fairly well able to refrain from weeping. (4) Apollodorus, who so far had not stopped weeping, now wept bitterly. (5) But when he found that his legs became heavy as he walked about, he told us so, and laid himself down on his back. (6) The eyes of Socrates became fixed, and when Criton perceived this, he closed them and also his mouth.

III. Answer the following questions:—

(1) How was the poison brought to Socrates? (2) In what manner was Socrates to act after he had taken the poison? (3) How did Socrates take the poison? (4) Why did Plato bewail? (5) What said Socrates when his friends wept? (6) What did he do when he found that his legs had become heavy? (7) How did the poisoner show that Socrates was cold and stiff? (8) What were the last words spoken by the latter? (9) What reply did Criton make? (10) What did Criton do, when Socrates fixed his eyes?

IV. Recount the death of Socrates, using, as far as you can remember, the language of Plato.

XX. AUTUMN

I

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath¹ and all its twin'd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows², borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies. —KEATS.

2

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array ;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the night-worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year ;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling ;
Come, months, come away,
Put on white, black, and grey,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear. —SHELLEY.

3

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing

Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
 Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
 Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
 With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
 Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the West
 Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
 When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
 Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs
 To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,
 The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
 On a moss'd elm; three on the naked lime
 Trembling,—and one upon the old oak-tree!

Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
 Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
 Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
 In the smooth holly's eternity.

The squirrel gloats o'er his accomplished hoard,
 The ants have brimm'd their garner^s with ripe grain,
 And honey bees have stored

The sweets of summer in their luscious cells;
 The swallows all have wing'd across the main;
 But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,

 And sighs her tearful spells
 Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain. —HOOD.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Use the following adjectives with suitable nouns in complete sentences.*—

Mellow; maturing; clammy; careless; winnowing; twined;
 patient; soft-dying; rosy; wailful; full-grown; bleak; saddest;
 dim; blithe; coid.

II. *Paraphrase the second extract.*



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THE GLEANERS. By J. F. MILLET. Louvre, Paris.

W. A. Mansell & Co.

[Chap. xx, "Autumn"]

III. *Expand the poet's thought contained in the following sentences:—*

(1) Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy shells. (2) Barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day and touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue. (3) The year, on the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead, is lying. (4) Come, months, come away, put on white, black, and grey.

IV. *Express the following sentences in poetic language:—*

(1) The autumn sun brings forth the grapes on the vines which cover many a country cottage. (2) The small gnats hum mournfully among the river sallows. (3) The kernels of the hazel-nuts begin to harden. (4) When the leaves of the trees begin to fall, the close of the year is approaching. (5) The end of the year is often marked by thunderstorms.

V. *Answer the following questions:—*

(1) For what purpose does Autumn conspire with the sun? (2) What effect has the sun on the fruit and the nuts? (3) What is failing? (4) What is wailing? (5) What are sighing? (6) What are dying? (7) Why are the months called away?

VI. *Write a short essay on Autumn*, describing (a) the characteristics of Autumn—fruit—nuts—cider; (b) sky, stream, and birds in Autumn; (c) late Autumn, the dying year.

NOTES.—¹ *swath* = line of grass or corn cut and thrown together by the scythe in mowing. ² *sallows* = willows of a kind. ³ *garners* = granaries.

XXI. ENGLISH SOCIETY

Becky has often spoken in subsequent years of this season of her life, when she moved among the very greatest circles of the London fashion. Her success excited, elated, and then bored her. At first no occupation was more pleasant than to invent and procure (the latter a work of no small trouble and ingenuity, by the way, in a person of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's very narrow means)—to procure, we say, the prettiest new dresses and ornaments; to drive to fine dinner-parties, where she was welcomed by great people; and from the fine dinner-parties to fine assemblies, whither the same people came with whom she had been dining, whom she had met the night before, and would see on the morrow—the young men faultlessly appointed, handsomely cravatted, with the neatest glossy boots and white gloves—the elders portly, brass-buttoned, noble-looking, polite, and prosy—the young ladies blonde, timid, and in pink—the mothers grand, beautiful, sumptuous, solemn, and in diamonds. They talked in English, not in bad French, as they do in the novels. They talked about each other's houses, and characters, and families, just as the Joneses do about the Smiths. Becky's former acquaintances hated and envied her; the poor woman herself was yawning in spirit. "I wish I were out of it," she said to herself. "I would rather be a parson's wife, and teach a Sunday school, than this; or a sergeant's lady, and ride in the regimental waggon; or, oh, how

much gayer it would be to wear spangles and trousers, and dance before a booth at a fair!"

"You would do it very well," said Lord Steyne, laughing. She used to tell the great man her *ennuis*¹ and perplexities in her artless way—they amused him.

"Rawdon would make a very good Ecuyer—the master of the ceremonies—what do you call him—the man in large boots and the uniform, who goes round the ring cracking the whip! He is large, heavy, and of a military figure. I recollect," Becky continued pensively, "my father took me to see a show at Brook Green Fair, when I was a child, and when we came home I made myself a pair of stilts, and danced in the studio, to the wonder of all the pupils."

"I should have liked to see it," said Lord Steyne. "I should like to do it now," Becky continued. "How Lady Blinkey would open her eyes, and Lady Grizzel Macbeth would stare! Hush, silence! there is Pasta beginning to sing." Becky always made a point of being conspicuously polite to the professional ladies and gentlemen who attended at these aristocratic parties—of following them into the corners, where they sat in silence, and shaking hands with them, and smiling in the view of all persons. She was an artist herself, as she said very truly. There was a frankness and humility in the manner in which she acknowledged her origin, which provoked, or disarmed, or amused lookers-on, as the case might be. "How cool that woman is!" said one; "what airs of independence she assumes, where she ought to sit still, and be thankful if anybody speaks to her!" "What an honest and good-natured soul she is!" said another. "What an artful little minx!" said a

third. They were all right, very likely; but Becky went her own way, and so fascinated the professional personages, that they would leave off their sore throats in order to sing at her parties, and give her lessons for nothing.

Yes, she gave parties in the little house in Curzon Street. Many scores of carriages with blazing lamps blocked up the street, to the disgust of No. 200, who could not rest for the thunder of the knocking, and of 202, who could not sleep for envy. The gigantic footmen who accompanied the vehicles were too big to be contained in Becky's little hall, and were billeted off in the neighbouring public-houses, whence, when they were wanted, call-boys summoned them from their beer. Scores of the great dandies of London squeezed and trod on each other on the little stairs, laughing to find themselves there; and many spotless and severe ladies of *ton*² were seated in the little drawing-room, listening to the professional singers, who were singing according to their wont, and as if they wished to blow the windows down.

And in her commerce with the great, our dear friend showed the same frankness which distinguished her transactions with the lowly in station. On one occasion, when out at a very fine house, Rebecca was (perhaps rather ostentatiously) holding a conversation in the French language with a celebrated tenor singer of that nation, while the Lady Grizzel Macbeth looked over her shoulder scowling at the pair.

"How very well you speak French!" Lady Grizzel said, who herself spoke the tongue in an Edinburgh accent most remarkable to hear.

"I ought to know it," Becky modestly said, casting

down her eyes. "I taught it in a school, and my mother was a Frenchwoman."

Lady Grizzel was won by her humility, and was mollified towards the little woman. She deplored the fatal levelling tendencies of the age, which admitted persons of all classes into the society of their superiors; but her ladyship owned that this one at least was well behaved and never forgot her place in life.

—THACKERAY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences to show the exact use of the following words, each of which differs slightly in meaning:—*

(a) Procure, obtain, acquire; (b) invent, discover; (c) timid, frightened; (d) character, repute, reputation; (e) recollect, remember, remind; (f) silent, reticent, taciturn.

II. *Improve the following sentences by changing or varying words or phrases:—*

(1) Becky had often spoken of when she moved among the very greatest circles. (2) She liked to drive to fine assemblies whither the same people with whom she had been dining the night before came. (3) "I wish I was out of it," she said to herself. (4) She used to tell in her artless way the great man her ennui and perplexities. (5) "I should have liked to have seen it," said Lord Steyne. (6) Becky fascinated the professionals so, that they would leave off their sore throats to sing at her parties, and gave her lessons for nothing.

III. *Render the following sentences more emphatic:—*

(1) At first, it was very pleasant to invent and procure new dresses and ornaments. (2) It would be much gayer to wear spangles and trousers and dance before a booth at a fair. (3) Pasta is beginning to sing. (4) She acknowledged her origin in a frank and humble manner. (5) She is an honest and good-natured soul.

IV. *Write a short essay on the Advantages and Disadvantages of being in Society, basing your essay on the preceding extract.*

NOTES.—¹ *ennui* = things that bothered and bored her. ² *of ton* = of fashion, recognized as society leaders.

XXII. DEATH OF WOLSEY

Very soon the Cardinal fell ill; and it is evident, from the cautions observed, that those about him suspected that he intended to poison himself. Ill as he was, the Earl of Shrewsbury put the fallen man under the charge of Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, whom the king had sent for the Cardinal, with twenty-four of his guard; and with this escort he departed on his last journey.

“And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes. Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times, by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one, and sometime with another; at night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury’s, called Hardwick Hall, very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day he rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where at his coming in at the gates the Abbot of the place with all his convent met him with the light of many torches; and whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, ‘Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you’; whom they brought on his mule to the stairs’ foot of his chamber, and there alighted, and Master Kingston then took him by the arm, and led him up

the stairs; who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent¹ to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.

“Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there: ‘Sir, I am here,’ quoth I; ‘How do you?’ quoth he to me: ‘Very well, sir,’ quoth I, ‘if I might see your grace well.’ ‘What is it of the clock?’ said he to me; ‘Forsooth, sir,’ said I, ‘it is past eight of the clock in the morning.’ ‘Eight of the clock?’ quoth he: ‘that cannot be;’ rehearsing divers times ‘Eight of the clock, eight of the clock; Nay, nay,’ quoth he at last, ‘it cannot be eight of the clock: for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master; for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.’”

The narrative then goes on to exhibit a long speech of the Cardinal's against “this new pernicious sect of Lutherans”. At last Wolsey said: “Master Kingston, farewell; I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast; I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better.” And even with these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's

passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to anele² him, who came with all speed and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging: and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to be witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life.

—CAVENDISH.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION.

I. *Write sentences illustrating the use of the following words, each of which differs slightly in meaning:—*

(1) Escort, guard; (2) espy, descry, behold, perceive; (3) reverence, respect, veneration; (4) hither, here; (5) alight, dismount, descend; (6) narrative, tale, recital; (7) speech, talk, conversation.

II. *Write the following sentences in modern English:—*

(1) Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times as he rode, he would talk with them. (2) By the way, he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule. (3) Forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal.

III. *Write the following sentences in old-fashioned English:—*

(1) As soon as they saw their old master in such a lamentable condition, they sorrowed for him tearfully. (2) As night had fallen before we reached Leicester Abbey, the Abbot with all his monks met him, on his arrival at the gates, with the light of many torches. (3) As soon as he reached his room, he went straight to bed, very ill. (4) On Monday morning about eight o'clock, it seemed to me, as I looked at him, that he was quickly nearing his end. (5) "What time is it?" said he.

IV. *Correct the errors in the following sentences:—*

(1) It was evident that those about him suspected that he intended to poison himself from the cautions observed. (2) He said that he never had or would carry so heavy a burden. (3) I beheld

him drawing fast to his final end. (4) On him perceiving my shadow on the wall, he asked whom was there. (5) Scarcely had he arrived at the gates, than the Abbot came to meet him.

V. *Write, from memory, an account of the death of Cardinal Wolsey, narrating his journey, his arrival at Leicester Abbey, his conversation with Sir William Kingston, and the manner of his death.*

NOTES.—¹ *incontinent* = immediately. ² *anele* = to administer extreme unction to the dying.

XXIII. A LONDON BEGGAR

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid, sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident, which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake¹ reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithæan

controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body portion which was left him. The *os sublime*² was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*?³ What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child, (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured? Whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their sight for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow-cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was this, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact)

deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?

—CHARLES LAMB.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the use of the following words:—*

(1) Comely, beautiful, handsome, pretty; (2) rend, cleave; (3) content, satisfied, satiated; (4) spectacle, view; (5) ungainly, unsightly, ugly; (6) slander, insult, libel; (7) sturdy, active, alert, lively; (8) foreigner, alien.

II. *Correct the errors in the following sentences:—*

(1) I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, like before an earthquake. (2) It was this mandrake reviling a steed who had started at his portentous appearance. (3) He seemed to only want his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. (4) Was a spectacle like his to be deemed a nuisance which called for legal interference to be removed. (5) Who had he injured? who had he imposed upon?

III. *Expand the following, completing the sense:—*

(1) These dim eyes have in vain explored —. (2) The common cripple would despise —. (3) He seemed earth-born —. (4) The nature which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs —. (5) I heard a tremendous voice —. (6) He was as the man-part of a Centaur —. (7) Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, —. (8) Was a daily spectacle like this —? (9) What if in forty-and-two years' going about —? (10) What if after being exposed all day to the heats, —?

IV. *Write, from memory, an account of the beggar described in the preceding extract, using as far as possible the words and phrases of the original.*

NOTES.—¹ *mandrake* = a medicinal plant with a large thick root, formerly the subject of much superstition. It is found in Mediterranean countries. ² *os sublime* = upturned face. ³ *Lusus Naturæ*, &c. = freak not of nature but of chance.

XXIV. WINTER

Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
And sweet the autumnal winds that shake
The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
And o'er the grey stone spreads;

And mark the cluster'd berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And, by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters, hid from summer sun,
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flowret bloom;

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower rebloom.

—SOUTHEY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Add to the following words, suitable adjectives or adjectival phrases, not necessarily those used in the text, to describe them, or to help the reader to form a vivid mental picture. Enclose your phrases in complete sentences.*

Shade; the grove; tranquillity; the heath; the branches; the moss; the bark of the tree; the berries; the leaves of the holly; the oak; the pilgrim; the scene; the bud.

II. *Express the following in poetical language:—*

It is very pleasant now to wander, whilst the wild heath glitters before our eyes; very pleasant also is it to ramble over the spacious forest, where the snow-clad branches shine in the sun, and where we can see the variegated mosses covering the brown bark of old trees or spreading over the grey stone; there too we can see the bright bunches of berries among the green holly and the ivy leaves clinging closely around the bare oak-tree.

III. *Find suitable comparisons for the following:—*

The form of the long grass; the harmonies of Spring; the silence of the wintry scene; the wild heath sparkling on the sight; the clustered berries bright; the leafless oak; the bursting bud.

IV. *Paraphrase the poem.*

V. *Write sentences illustrating the precise use of the following:—*

(1) Linger, remain, rest; (2) silence, peace, tranquillity; (3) sparkle, shine, glitter; (4) cling, clutch, grasp; (5) calamity, misfortune; (6) reflection, thought, meditation.

VI. *Describe a winter scene, dwelling solely upon its pleasant aspect. Enlarge upon (a) the silence and peace of the landscape; (b) the appearance (colour, &c.) of trees, moss, stones, berries, leaves, grass, water, silvery sunshine, &c.*

XXV

CONSTANCY

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?



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WINTER. By EDWIN DOUGLAS

[Chap. xxiv, "Winter"

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

REMEMBRANCE

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.

O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.

Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.

PRAISE

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

—BOOK OF THE PSALMS.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Give a more melodious flow to the following sentences by altering the position, or by changing or expanding words or phrases:—*

(1) My soul pants after thee just as a deer pants for a brook. (2) My tears have been my sole food whilst people keep on asking me, "Where is your God?" (3) I pour out my songs when I remember this. (4) I went joyously to the house of God with a number of people who were keeping holyday. (5) Why is my soul sad? let it hope in God, for I shall yet praise him for his assistance. (6) I will therefore remember thee from Jordan, the country of the Hermonites, and from Mizar hill. (7) One sea calls to another when your waterspouts sound; all your waves have covered me. (8) I will ask God, who is my rock, why he has forgotten me, why I have to go sad because of the enemy's severity. (9) Yet why should my soul be disturbed? let it hope in God, for I shall still praise him, for he is the health of my countenance.

II. Complete the following:—

(1) We sat down by the rivers of Babylon —. (2) We hanged our harps —. (3) They that carried us away —. (4) They that wasted us —. (5) How shall we sing —. (6) If I forget thee, O Jerusalem —. (7) If I do not remember thee —. (8) Remember, O Lord —. (9) O daughter of Babylon, who —; happy shall he be —.

III. Rewrite the last psalm given, with the help of the following notes and without any reference to the text:—

Praise ye the Lord — sanctuary — firmament of his power — mighty acts — excellent greatness — trumpet — psaltery and harp — timbrel — stringed instruments — cymbals — breath.

XXVI. THE INCONVENIENCE OF GREATNESS

The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their function, which does astonish me. 'Tis hard to keep measure in so immeasurable a power. Yet so it is, that it is to those who are not the best-natured men, a singular incitement to virtue to be seated in a place where you cannot do the least good that shall not be put upon record, and where the least benefit redounds to so many men; and where your talent of administration, like that of preachers, does principally address itself to the people, no very exact judge, easy to deceive and easily content.

There are few things wherein we can give a sincere judgment, by reason that there are few wherein we have not in some sort a particular interest. Superiority and inferiority, dominion and subjection, are bound to a natural envy and contest, and must necessarily perpetually intrench upon one another. I neither believe the one nor the other touching the rights of the adverse party; let reason, therefore, which is inflexible and without passion, determine. 'Tis not above a month ago that I read over two Scotch authors contending upon this subject; of which, he who stands for the people makes kings to be in a worse condition than a carter; and he who writes for monarchy places

him some degrees above God Almighty in power and sovereignty.

Now the inconveniency of greatness, that I have made choice of to consider in this place, upon some occasion that has lately put it into my head, is this: there is not peradventure anything more pleasant in the commerce of men than the trials that we make against one another, out of emulation of honour and valour, whether in the exercises of the body or in those of the mind; wherein the sovereign greatness can have no true part.

And in earnest I have often thought, that out of force of respect, men have used princes disdainfully and injuriously in that particular. For the thing I was infinitely offended at in my childhood, that they who exercised with me forbore to do their best because they found me unworthy of their utmost endeavour, is what we see happen to them every day, everyone finding himself unworthy to contend with them. If we discover that they have the least passion to have the better, there is no one who will not make it his business to give it them, and who will not rather betray his own glory than offend theirs; and will therein employ so much force only as is necessary to advance their honour. What share have they then in the engagement wherein everyone is on their side? Methinks I see those paladins of ancient times presenting themselves to jousts, with enchanted arms and bodies; Brisson¹, running against Alexander, purposely missed his blow, and made a fault in his career; Alexander chid him for it, but he ought to have had him whipped. Upon this consideration, Carneades² said, that the sons of princes

learned nothing right but to ride the great horse; by reason that in all their exercises everyone bends and yields to them: but a horse, that is neither a flatterer nor a courtier, throws the son of a king with no more remorse than he would do that of a porter. Homer was compelled to consent that Venus, so sweet and delicate as she was, should be wounded at the battle of Troy, thereby to ascribe courage and boldness to her; qualities that cannot possibly be in those who are exempt from danger. The gods are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve, and to be transported with passions, to honour them with the virtues that amongst us are built upon these imperfections.

Who does not participate in the hazard and difficulty, can pretend no interest in the honour and pleasure that are the consequents of hazardous actions. 'Tis pity a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great a solitude. This easiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you, is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide, not to go; this is to sleep, and not to live. Conceive man accompanied with omnipotency, you throw him into an abyss: he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms. His being and his good is indigence. Their good qualities are dead and lost; for they are not to be perceived, but by comparison, and we put them out of it: they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their ears deafened with so continual and uniform an approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their subjects? they have no means to take any advantage

of him, if he say, 'tis because he is my king, he thinks he has said enough to express that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome.

This quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential qualities. They are involved in the royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themselves withal, but actions that directly concern themselves, and that merely respect the function of their place. 'Tis so much to be a king, that he only is so, by being so; the strange lustre that environs him conceals and shrouds him from us: our sight is there repelled and dissipated, being stopped and filled by this prevailing light. The senate awarded the prize of eloquence to Tiberius: he refused it, supposing that, though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a judgment so partial, and that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of honour, so do we soothe and authorize all their vices and defects, not only by approbation, but by imitation also.

—MONTAIGNE. (*From Cotton's Translation.*)

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the precise use of the following:—*

(1) Injuriously, harmfully, wrongfully; (2) endeavour, attempt, trial; (3) contend, struggle, fight; (4) yield, submit, allow; (5) remorse, sorrow, anguish, grief; (6) opposition, resistance, obstacle; (7) lustre, brightness, gloss, splendour.

II. *Make the following long connected sentences brighter and lighter by dividing them into shorter sentences:—*

(1) The thing I was infinitely offended at in my childhood, that they who exercised with me forbore to do their best because they found me unworthy of their utmost endeavour, is what we see happen to them every day, everyone finding himself unworthy to contend with them. (2) Carneades said that the sons of princes

learned nothing right but to ride the great horse, because in all their exercises everyone bends and yields to them except a horse, who, being neither a flatterer nor a courtier, throws the son of a king with no more remorse than he would do that of a porter.

(3) This is to slide, not to go; to sleep, not to live; for if you conceive man accompanied with omnipotence, you throw him into an abyss so deep that he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms, for his being and his good is indigence.

III. *Correct the errors in the following:—*

(1) A horse throws the son of a king with no more remorse than the son of a porter. (2) A horse is neither a flatterer or a courtier. (3) We see this happen to them every day, everyone finding themselves unworthy to contend with them.

IV. *Write a short essay on the motto: "Who does not participate in the hazard and the difficulty can pretend no interest in the honour and pleasure that are the consequents of hazardous actions", dealing with the following points:—*

(1) Expansion of the motto. (2) Examples among the ancients, Alexander, Venus, Tiberius, the Gods. (3) Effect on great people; "Their good qualities are dead and lost".

NOTES.—¹ *Brisson*. In the romances of the middle ages the heroes of antiquity like Alexander are represented as knights; and from one of these legendary romances of chivalry in which an imaginary knight, Brisson, is represented as tilting against Alexander, Montaigne takes his illustration. ² *Carneades*, a Stoic teacher, born at Cyrene about 213 B.C. He went to Athens and became a pupil of Diogenes, the Stoic, with whom he was sent, in 155 B.C., on an embassy to Rome, where his discourses attracted great attention. He was a diligent student and a man of unwearying industry.

XXVII. THE DIGNITY OF GREAT WORKS

Yes, all manner of work, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible". In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity, inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether, under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is a religious nature: work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's": a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so", says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains,

bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Me-seems they have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails of this cockle skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep; a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-Service—thou wilt have to be greater than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

—CARLYLE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the precise use of the following words:—*

(1) Silent, taciturn, speechless; (2) rebuke, chastisement, reprimand; (3) mutiny, revolt, tumult, strife; (4) chaos, disorder, confusion; (5) tumultuous, agitated, noisy; (6) repress, restrain, prevent.

II. *Express in poetical language:—*

Whatever form work may take, it is what we call silent; by this we mean that it cannot declare itself to man, it is man's part to seek it. Every noble work is at first considered to be impossible. Many new laws of Nature are yet to be discovered, many new inventions to be contrived, but these do not declare themselves to man; rather must he enquire, search, and experiment for himself. On the other hand, his work-shop is almost unlimited; the whole earth and its envelope of atmosphere lie at his disposal, and from them he shall obtain, what his purely local surroundings can never offer him.

III. *Complete the sense of the following:—*

(1) By incessant wise defiance of the ocean —. (2) Brave Sea-captain, — it is no friendly environment this of thine —. (3) The huge winds that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators —. (4) Thou art not among articulate speaking friends —. (5) Patiently thou wilt wait, till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by —. (6) Valiantly, with swift decision, shalt thou strike in when —. (7) Thou shalt be a great man, greater than —. (8) Thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt —.

IV. *Find suitable comparisons for the following:—*

(1) The sky; (2) work; (3) the blackness of night; (4) the waves of the ocean; (5) the winds; (6) mutinous sailors; (7) the world of men.

V. *Write a short essay on the Dignity of Work, enlarging upon the following points:—*

(1) Wherein lies the dignity of work; "Every noble work is at first impossible". (2) Comparison between the worker and Columbus. (3) The worker must be greater than the tumultuous world.

XXVIII. JAKUES AND THE DEER

Duke. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am'.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke.

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1st Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much': Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company': Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never strays to greet him: 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2nd Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1st Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

—SHAKESPEARE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write the first speech in prose, altering, as far as possible, only the position of words or phrases.*

II. *Answer the following questions:—*

(1) Mention the two questions put by the Duke to his courtiers, regarding the superiority of a woodland life to that of a court. (2) What was the "penalty of Adam"? (3) Why are "the uses of adversity" like the toad? (4) Where does a woodland life find tongues, books, sermons, and good? (5) Why does Amiens call the Duke happy? (6) What is it that irks the Duke? (7) Describe the position of the oak under which Jaques was lying. (8) Give the 1st Lord's description of the deer's agony. (9) What simile did Jaques draw from the deer weeping in the stream? (10) How did Jaques address "the careless herd" that ran past the desolate deer? (11) What was Jaques doing when the lords left him? (12) Why did the Duke wish to be shown the place where Jaques was?

III. *Find suitable similes or metaphors for the following:—*

(1) Pomp; (2) the winter's wind; (3) the uses of adversity; (4) the forest; (5) the brook; (6) the deer weeping in the stream; (7) the deer; (8) fortune; (9) the oak; (10) the stags' heads.

IV. *Find suitable adjectives or adjectival phrases, other than those in the text, to describe the following:—*

The oak; the roots of the oak; the brook; the wood; the wounded stag; the stag's tears; his nose; the herd of deer; misery; the bankrupt.

V. *Write a short essay on Cruelty to Animals, dealing with the following points:—*

- (1) The picture of the wounded deer: "The big round tears cours'd one another down his innocent nose in piteous chase".
- (2) The effects of cruelty, especially on the domestic animals.
- (3) The injustice of cruelty. "We are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, to fright the animals and to kill them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place."

XXIX. A DIFFICULT LEAP

For all our hurry, day began to come in while we were still far from any shelter. It found us in a prodigious valley, strewn with rocks, and where ran a foaming river. Wild mountains stood around it; there grew there neither grass nor trees; and I have sometimes thought since then, that it may have been the valley called Glencoe, where the massacre was in the time of King William. But for the details of our itinerary, I am all to seek; our way lying now by short cuts, now by great detours; our pace being so hurried; our time of journeying usually by night; and the names of such places as I asked and heard, being in the Gaelic tongue, and the more easily forgotten.

The first peep of morning, then, showed us this horrible place, and I could see Alan knit his brow.

"This is no fit place for you and me," he said. "This is a place they're bound to watch."

And with that he ran harder than ever down to the water side, in a part where the river was split in two among three rocks. It went through with a horrid thundering that made me quake; and there hung over the lynn a little mist of spray. Alan looked neither to the right nor to the left, but jumped clean upon the middle rock, and fell there on his hands and knees to check himself, for that rock was small, and he might have pitched over on the far side. I had scarce time to measure the distance or to understand the peril, before I had followed him, and he had caught and stopped me.

So there we stood, side by side upon a small rock

slippery with spray, a far broader leap in front of us, and the river dinning upon all sides. When I saw where I was, there came on me a deadly sickness of fear, and I put my hand over my eyes. Alan took me and shook me; I saw he was speaking, but the roaring of the falls and the trouble of my mind prevented me from hearing; only I saw his face was red with anger, and that he stamped upon the rock. The same look showed me the water raging by, and the mist hanging in the air; and with that, I covered my eyes again and shuddered.

The next minute Alan had set the brandy bottle to my lips, and forced me to drink about a gill, which sent the blood into my head again. Then, putting his hands to his mouth and his mouth to my ear, he shouted: "Hang or drown!" and turning his back upon me, leaped over the farther branch of the stream, and landed safe.

I was now alone upon the rock, which gave me the more room; the brandy was singing in my ears; I had this good example fresh before me, and just wit enough to see that if I did not leap at once, I should never leap at all. I bent low on my knees and flung myself forth, with that kind of anger of despair that has sometimes stood me instead of courage. Sure enough, it was but my hands that reached the full length; these slipped, caught again, slipped again; and I was slithering back into the linn, when Alan seized me, first by the hair, then by the collar, and with a great strain dragged me into safety.

—R. LOUIS STEVENSON. (*From "Kidnapped".*
By permission.)

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the precise use of the following words:—*

(1) Quake, tremble, shudder; (2) prodigious, astonishing, monstrous; (3) check, restrain, hinder; (4) trouble, disturbance, affliction; (5) alone, lonely, solitary; (6) slither, glide, fall; (7) strain, effort, wrench.

II. *Make the following long sentences more vivid by dividing into short detached sentences:—*

(1) Day began to come in while we were still far from any shelter, finding us in a prodigious valley, strewn with rocks, and where ran a foaming river, the whole being surrounded by wild mountains, on which there grew neither grass nor trees. (2) Our way sometimes lay by short cuts and sometimes by great detours, and we traversed it at so hurried a pace and as a rule by night, that I am all to seek for the details of our itinerary. (3) When I saw where I was, I put my hand over my eyes, seeing which Alan took me and shook me so, that I saw he was speaking, though the roaring of the falls prevented me from hearing.

III. *Find suitable expressions to describe the following:—*

(1) The mountains surrounding the valley. (2) The formation of the cataract. (3) The appearance of the cataract. (4) The noise of the river as it flowed past the rock in the centre. (5) The noise of the falls. (6) The effect of the brandy.

IV. *Relate the preceding adventure, expanding the following points:—*

A prodigious valley—massacre of Glencoe—details of itinerary are lacking—the river split in two among three rocks—Alan jumped clean upon the middle rock—the river dinning upon all sides—the boy's fear—Alan's leap—the boy's leap—he is seized and dragged into safety by Alan.

XXX. TOM CORDERY

Tom's home was finely placed, very finely. It stood in a sort of defile, where a road almost perpendicular wound from the top of a steep abrupt hill, crowned with a tuft of old Scottish firs, into a dingle of fern and wild brush-wood. A shallow, sullen stream oozed from the bank on one side, and, after forming a rude channel across the road, sank into a dark, deep pool, half-hidden amongst the salallows. Behind these salallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and memory, striking, grand, almost sublime, and above all eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one in a picture would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa.

Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof, and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation;—yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants: pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels of whom his retinue consisted. Great

ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled enclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their cardhouses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave tokens that it was but a forced and hollow truce, and at such times the clamour was prodigious.

Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife (for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg as he himself was minus an arm), now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them.

How long his friend the keeper would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and

independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted, a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms, but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of the new; complained of children and other bad company; looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gypsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hillside, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!

—MARY MITFORD.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the precise use of the following words:—*

(1) Sullen, malignant, baleful; (2) uncouth, grotesque, awkward; (3) clamour, disturbance, noise; (4) misadventure, calamity, disaster; (5) hilarity, joy, excitement; (6) complain, murmur, mourn; (7) comfort, relief, enjoyment.

II. *Make the following long sentences more vivid, by dividing into short detached sentences:—*

(1) Behind these salallows, rose the uncouth cottage of Tom Cordery, forming a scene which hangs upon the eye and memory, and so eminently foreign that no painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape. (2) How long his

friend the keeper would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say, because when the roof fell in during the deep snow of last winter, the overseer, to whom Tom applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another. (3) From that hour poor Tom visibly altered, losing his hilarity and independence, undergoing just such a change as he had himself often inflicted, a transition from the wild to the tame.

III. *Find suitable expressions to describe the following:—*

(1) The position of Tom's home. (2) The appearance of his cottage. (3) Tom's wife. (4) The ruin of his cottage. (5) The effect of a change of habits upon Tom. (6) The manner of his death.

IV. *Recount the preceding narrative, expanding the following points:—*

A sort of defile—it is a scene which hangs upon the eye and memory—Tom's cottage was thoroughly characteristic—the house was covered with nondescript dwellings—the roof fell in during the deep snow of last winter—from that hour poor Tom visibly altered—warmth and snugness were the death of him.

XXXI. VENICE

So much has already been told and printed about Venice, that I shall not be circumstantial in my description, but shall only say how it struck me. Now, in this instance again, that which makes the chief impression upon me, is the people, — a great mass, who live an involuntary existence determined by the changing circumstances of the moment.

It was for no idle fancy that this race fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them; necessity taught them to look for security in a highly disadvantageous situation, that afterwards became most advantageous, enduing them with talent, when the whole northern world was immersed in gloom. Their increase and their wealth were a necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings, rocks took the place of sand and marsh, houses sought the sky, being forced like trees inclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what was denied them in breadth. Being niggards of every inch of ground, as having been from the very first compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was just necessary to separate a row of houses from the one opposite, and to afford the citizens a narrow passage. Moreover, water supplied the place of street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature; and thus Venice can only be compared with itself. The large canal, winding like a serpent, yields to no street in the world, and nothing can be put by the side of the space in

front of St. Mark's square—I mean that great mirror of water, which is encompassed by Venice proper, in the form of a crescent. Across the watery surface you see to the left the island of St. Georgio Maggiore, to the right, a little farther off, the Guidecca and its canal, and still more distant the Dogana (Custom-house) and the entrance into the Canal Grande, where right before us two immense marble temples are glittering in the sunshine. All the views and prospects have been so often engraved, that my friends will have no difficulty in forming a clear idea of them.

After dinner I hastened to fix my first impression of the whole, and without a guide, and merely observing the cardinal points, threw myself into the labyrinth of the city, which though everywhere intersected by larger or smaller canals, is again connected by bridges. The narrow and crowded appearance of the whole cannot be conceived by one who has not seen it. In most cases one can quite or nearly measure the breadth of the street, by stretching out one's arms, and in the narrowest, a person would scrape his elbows if he walked with his arms akimbo. Some streets, indeed, are wider, and here and there is a little square, but comparatively all may be called narrow.

I easily found the grand canal, and the principal bridge—the Rialto, which consists of a single arch of white marble. Looking down from this, one has a fine prospect,—the canal full of ships, which bring every necessary from the Continent, and put in chiefly at this place to unload, while between them is a swarm of gondolas. To-day especially, being Michaelmas,

the view was wonderfully animated ; but to give some notion of it, I must go back a little.

The two principal parts of Venice, which are divided by the grand canal, are connected by no other bridge than the Rialto, but several means of communication are provided, and the river is crossed in open boats at certain fixed points. To-day a very pretty effect was produced, by the number of well-dressed ladies, who, their features concealed beneath large black veils, were being ferried over in large parties at a time, in order to go to the Church of the Archangel, whose festival was being solemnized. I left the bridge and went to one of the points of landing, to see the parties as they left the boats. I discovered some very fine forms and faces among them.

After I had become tired of this amusement, I seated myself in a gondola, and, quitting the narrow streets with the intention of witnessing a spectacle of an opposite description, went along the northern part of the grand canal, into the lagunes, and then entered the Canal della Guidecca, going as far as the square of St. Mark. Now was I also one of the birds of the Adriatic Sea, as every Venetian feels himself to be, whilst reclining in his gondola. I then thought with due honour of my good father, who knew of nothing better than to talk about the things I now witnessed. And will it not be so with me likewise? All that surrounds me is dignified—a grand venerable work of combined human energies, a noble monument, not of a ruler, but of a people. And if their lagunes are gradually filling up, if unwholesome vapours are floating over the marsh, if their trade is declining and their power has sunk, still the great place and

the essential character will not for a moment be less venerable to the observer. Venice succumbs to time, like everything that has a phenomenal existence.

—GOETHE. (*From the Translation by A. J. Morrison, contained in Bohn's "Standard Library". By permission.*)

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the use of the following idioms:—*

(1) Take the place of; take counsel; take root; take heart; take pains; take by storm; take amiss. (2) Arms akimbo; up in arms; at arm's length; with open arms.

II. *Find suitable similes for the following:—*

(1) The water in front of St. Mark's square. (2) The Venetians. (3) The tall houses of Venice. (4) The large canal. (5) The marble temples. (6) The narrow streets. (7) A gondola. (8) Venice in her decline. (9) The ignorance of the northern world.

III. *Improve the following sentences:—*

(1) This race didn't flee to these islands for any idle fancy. (2) No street in the world comes up to the large canal. (3) Some streets are wider, indeed, and now and then there is a little square. (4) When you look down from the bridge, you get a fine view, you see the canal full of ships bringing all necessities from the continent. (5) It being Michaelmas to-day, the view was especially wonderfully animated. (6) To-day a very pretty effect was made by a lot of nicely-dressed ladies who were being ferried over in a large number. (7) Having become tired of this amusement and seating myself in a gondola, I quitted the narrow streets. (8) Then I went along the northern part of the grand canal and then entered the Canal della Guidecca; then I was also one of the birds of the Adriatic Sea as all Venetians feel they are while lying in their gondola. Then I thought honourably of my good father, him who knew nothing more preferable to talking about the things I was now looking at. (9) Even if Venetian trade is declining and their power is sunk, still the great place will not cease to be venerable for him who observes. Venice succumbs to time like everything.

IV. *With the aid of Goethe's account and of the picture of Venice give a description of (a) St. Mark's, Venice: (b) the Rialto*

XXXII. HUNTING IN THE MIDDLE AGES

The favourite diversions of the Middle Ages, in the intervals of war, were those of hunting and hawking. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure; but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and Romans. With the northern invaders, however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the period under our review, every age would furnish testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers. A knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his wrist, or a greyhound that followed him. Thus are Harold and his attendants represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. And, in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle, it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrist. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex.

It was impossible to repress the eagerness with which the clergy, especially after the barbarians had been tempted by rich bishoprics to take upon them

the sacred functions, rushed into these secular amusements. Prohibitions of councils, however frequently repeated, produced little effect. In some instances a particular monastery obtained a dispensation. Thus that of Saint Denis, in 774, represented to Charlemagne that the flesh of hunted animals was salutary for sick monks, and that their skins would serve to bind the books in the library. Reasons equally cogent, we may presume, could not be wanting in every other case. As the bishops and abbots were perfectly feudal lords, and often did not scruple to lead their vassals into the field, it was not to be expected that they should debar themselves of an innocent pastime. It was hardly such, indeed, when practised at the expense of others. Alexander III, by a letter to the clergy of Berkshire, dispenses with their keeping the archdeacon in dogs and hawks during his visitation. This season gave jovial ecclesiastics an opportunity of trying different countries. An Archbishop of York, in 1321, seems to have carried a train of two hundred persons, who were maintained at the expense of the abbeys on his road, and to have hunted with a pack of hounds from parish to parish. The third council of Lateran, in 1180, had prohibited this amusement on such journeys, and restricted bishops to a train of forty or fifty horses.

Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource, on which the wholesomeness and comfort, as well as the luxury of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were improved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to

maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose that, when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse therefore for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport. The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law, until the charter of John. The French code was less severe, but even Henry IV enacted the pain of death against the repeated offence of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis IX, who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it: a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit towards the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed in serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture, it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the

first object of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to his use; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.

—HALLAM.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences containing the following idiomatic phrases:—*

(1) The field of battle; the field of science; field of vision; to keep the field; to win the field; to lose the field; to clear the field. (2) To be a means of; by all means; by any means; by no means; in the meantime. (3) Under pain of; to take pains.

II. *Answer fully the following questions:—*

(1) How did the diversion of hunting affect the northern invaders? (2) To what do the Salic and other barbarous codes furnish testimony? (3) How are Harold and his attendants represented in the Bayeux tapestry? (4) What is it usual to find in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle? (5) What reasons did the monks of Saint Denis offer in order to obtain a dispensation from the law which prevented them from hunting? (6) In what manner did a certain Archbishop of York travel? (7) Explain why hunting, although it had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, was yet a very convenient resource. (8) Describe the system of forest laws in England and in France. (9) What are the evils which result from the excessive passion for the sports of the field?

III. *Improve the following sentences:—*

(1) A knight hardly ever left his house without a greyhound or a falcon on his wrists. (2) Harold and his attendants are like this, in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. (3) An Archbishop of York seems to have had a following of two hundred people, and hunted with a pack of hounds. (4) Laws for preserving game were terribly strict. (5) This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from them.

IV. *Write a short essay on Hunting in the Middle Ages, enlarging upon the following points:—*

- (1) A short history of hunting, in ancient times—fourth century (falconry)—fifth century and onwards.
- (2) Passion for hunting displayed by the Nobility and the Church.
- (3) Forest laws.
- (4) Evil effects of medieval passion for hunting.

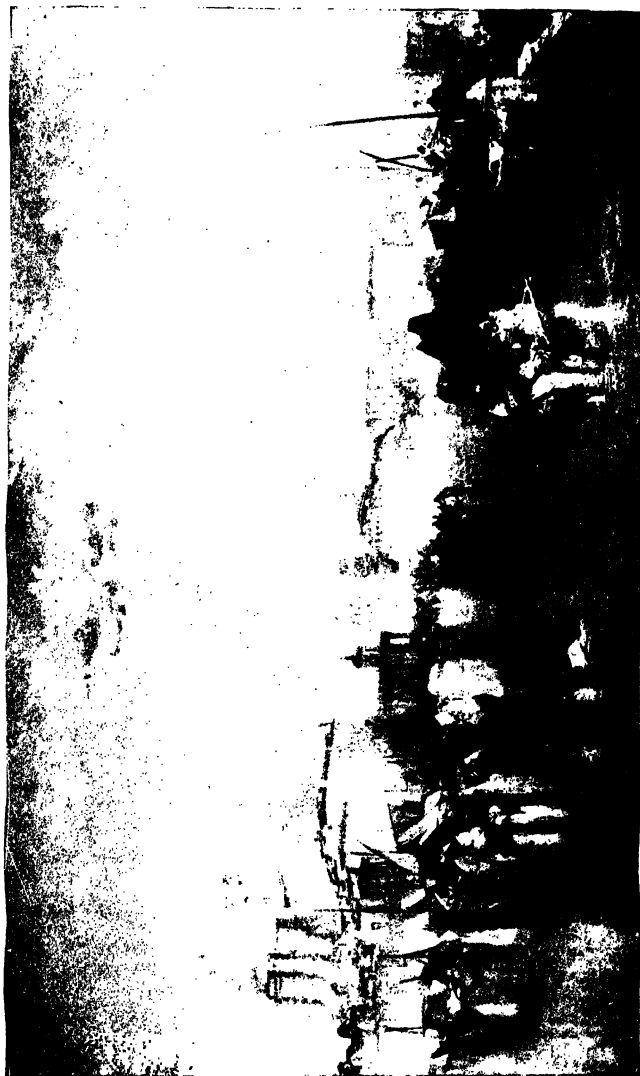
XXXIII. A MEDIEVAL ABBEY

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
 (While yet the church of Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
 These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
 The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
 Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
 Some deem it but the distant echo given



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THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE. By J. M. W. TURNER (Victoria and Albert Museum, London)
W. A. Maissell & Co.
[Chap. xxi, "Venice"]

Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween :
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined,
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts :
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge, at first, if all be true to nature. —BYRON.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Find suitable similes for the following:—*

- (1) The arch of the Gothic abbey (2) The appearance of the light streaming through the stained-glass window. (3) The sound of the gale. (4) The moaning of the wind through the

huge arch. (5) The faces on the fountain. (6) The bubbles rising in the basin of the fountain. (7) The side-chapel.

II. *Paraphrase the third verse.*

III. *Describe briefly the following:—*

(1) The Gothic arch of the ruined abbey. (2) The gallant Cavaliers. (3) The mighty window. (4) The sound of the wind rushing through the ruins. (5) The Gothic fountain in the courtyard. (6) The mansion. (7) The small chapel which still remained intact.

IV. *Express the following in poetical language:—*

(1) One great arch still stood erect, a remnant of the old abbey; no one could look upon it without feeling regret that the wear and tear of time and weather could have such a disastrous effect. (2) Near the summit of the arch was a niche in which twelve saints had once stood; these, however, had been ruthlessly knocked down, not when the monasteries were suppressed, but during the Civil War. (3) Sometimes, when the wind blows in one particular direction, a strange unearthly musical sound can be heard within the walls. (4) In the middle of the court was a symmetrical Gothic fountain adorned with quaint carvings of uncanny faces, sometimes those of monsters, sometimes of saints. (5) The mansion was a fine large building in which more of the monastic has been preserved than in the parts of the old abbey.

V. *Write a short description of the ruins of a mediæval abbey, preferably one which you yourself have seen.*

XXXIV. KNOWLEDGE

For the pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning, it far surpasseth all other in nature; for, shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not, of consequence, pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and, after they be used, their verdure departeth; which sheweth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality: and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and therefore appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.

“It is a view of delight”, saith Lucretius, “to stand or walk upon the shore side, and to see a ship tossed with tempest upon the sea; or to be in a fortified tower, and to see two battles join upon a plain; but it is a pleasure incomparable, for the mind of man to be settled, landed, and fortified, in the certainty of truth; and from thence to descry and behold the errors, perturbations, labours, and wanderings up and down of other men.”

Lastly, leaving the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts; that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he

cannot come, and the like; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is, immortality or continuance: for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this buildings, foundations, and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration; and in effect the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time, infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation; so that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other.

—LORD BACON.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences containing the following idiomatic phrases:—*

(1) To turn; turn a deaf ear; turn adrift; turn round one's little finger; turn one's hand to; turn the scale; not to turn a hair; to serve a turn; to a turn. (2) In effect; give effect to; take effect; leave no effects; general effect.

II. *Improve the following sentences:—*

(1) Standing or walking on the shore side is a view of delight. (2) By learning, one man is superior to another in possessing that very thing in which a man is superior to the beasts. (3) Have not Homer's writings lasted 2500 years or more without the losing of a syllable or a letter; while during this time very many palaces and temples and castles and cities have decayed and demolished. (4) If the invention of the ship was thought so much of, which carries things from one place to another, how much more should letters be highly valued which pass through the vast seas of time like ships, and divide the wisdom, illuminations and inventions of distant ages with each other.

III. *Use the following in complete sentences:—*

(1) It far surpasseth all other in nature. (2) After they be used. (3) They be but deceits of pleasure. (4) In that wherein man excelleth beasts. (5) In that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire. (6) We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable. (7) Exempted from the wrong of time. (8) In participation of their fruits.

IV. *Write a short essay on The Pleasure of Knowledge, enlarging on the following points:—*(1) Pleasure of knowledge above all other pleasures; "In all other pleasures there is satiety". (2) The comparison drawn by Lucretius (the storm-tossed ship—the battle). (3) Immortality of knowledge (books and writings); "The monuments of wit and learning are much more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands".

XXXV. SIR BEAUMAINS AND THE BLACK KNIGHT

And on the morn the damsel and he took their leave and thanked the knight, and so departed, and rode on their way until they came to a great forest. And there was a great river and but one passage, and there were ready two knights on the further side to let¹ them the passage. What sayest thou, said the damsel, wilt thou match yonder knights, or turn again? Nay, said Sir Beaumains, I will not turn again and they were six more. And therewithal he rushed into the water, and in the midst of the water, either brake their spears upon other to their hands, and then they drew their swords and smote eagerly at other. And at the last Sir Beaumains smote the other upon the helm that his head stonied², and therewithal he fell down in the water, and there was he drowned. And then he spurred his horse upon the land, where the other knight fell upon him and brake his spear, and so they drew their swords and fought long together. At the last Sir Beaumains clave his helm and his head down to the shoulders: and so he rode unto the damsel, and bade her ride forth on her way.

Alas, she said, that ever a kitchen page should have that fortune to destroy two such doughty knights; thou weenest thou hast done doughtily; that is not so, for the first knight his horse stumbled, and there he was drowned in the water, and never it was by thy force nor by thy might. And the last knight by mishap thou camest behind him

and mishappily thou slewest him. Damsel, said Beaumains, ye may say what ye will, but with whomsoever I have ado withal I trust to God to serve him or he depart, and therefore I reck not what ye say, so that I may win your lady. Fie, fie, foul kitchen knave, thou shalt see knights that shall abate thy boast. Fair damsel, give me goodly language, and then my care is past, for what knights soever they be I care not, nor I doubt them not. Also, said she, I say it for thine avail³, yet mayest thou turn again with thy worship, for and thou follow me thou art but slain, for I see all that ever thou dost is but by misadventure, and not by prowess⁴ of thy hands. Well, damsel, ye may say what ye will, but wheresoever ye go I will follow you. So this Beaumains rode with that lady till even-song time, and ever she chid him, and would not rest. And then they came to a black lawn, and there was a black hawthorn, and thereon hung a black banner, and on the other side there hung a black shield, and by it stood a black spear great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk, and a black stone fast by.

There sat a knight all armed in black harness, and his name was the knight of the black lawn. Then the damsel, when she saw that knight, she bade him flee down the valley, for his horse was not saddled. Gramercy⁵, said Beaumains, for always ye would have me a coward. With that the black knight, when she came nigh him, spake and said, Damsel, have ye brought this knight of king Arthur to be your champion? Nay, fair knight, said she, this is but a kitchen knave, that was fed in king

Arthur's kitchen for alms. Why cometh he, said the knight, in such array? it is shame that he beareth you company. Sir, I cannot be delivered of him, said she, for with me he rideth maugre mine head⁶; would that ye should put him and ye may, for he is an unhappy knave, and unhappily he hath done this day; through mishap I saw him slay two knights at the passage of the water, and other deeds he did before right marvellous, and through unhappiness. That marvelleth me, said the black knight, that any man that is of worship will have ado with him. They know him not, said the damsel, and because he rideth with me they think he is some man of worship born. That may be, said the black knight, how be it as ye say that he be no man of worship, he is a full likely person, and full like to be a strong man; but thus much shall I grant you, said the black knight, I shall put him down upon one foot, and his horse and his harness he shall leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm.

When Sir Beaumains heard him say thus, he said, Sir knight, thou art full liberal of my horse and my harness, I let thee wit⁷ it cost thee nought, and whether it liketh thee or not this lawn will I pass, maugre thine head, and horse nor harness gettest thou none of me, but if thou win them with thy hands; and therefore let see what thou canst do. Sayest thou that, said the black knight, now yield thy lady from thee, for it beseemeth never a kitchen page to ride with such a lady. Thou liest, said Beaumains, I am a gentleman born, and of more high lineage than thou, and that will I prove on thy body. Then in great wrath they departed with

their horses, and came together as it had been the thunder; and the black knight's spear brake, and Beaumains thrust him through both his sides, and therewith his spear brake, and the truncheon left still in his side. But nevertheless the black knight drew his sword and smote many eager strokes and of great might, and hurt Beaumains full sore. But at the last the black knight within an hour and a half fell down off his horse in a swoon, and there he died. And when Beaumains saw him so well horsed and armed, then he alight down, and armed him in his armour, and so took his horse and rode after the damsel.

When she saw him come nigh, she said, Away, kitchen knave, out of the wind, for the smell of thy foul clothes grieveth me. Alas, she said, that ever such a knave as thou art should by mishap slay so good a knight as thou hast done, but all this is thine unhappiness. But hereby is one shall pay thee all thy payment, and therefore yet I counsel thee, flee. It may happen me, said Beaumains, to be beaten or slain, but I warn you, fair damsel, I will not flee away nor leave your company for all that ye can say, for ever ye say that they will kill me or beat me, but howsoever it happeneth I escape, and they lie on the ground. And therefore it were as good for you to hold you still, thus all day rebuking me, for away will I not till I see the uttermost of this journey, or else I will be slain or truly beaten; therefore ride on your way, for follow you I will whatsoever happen.

—SIR THOMAS MALORY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the following idiomatic phrases:—*

(1) Take leave; take breath; take heed; take in vain; take into one's head; take orders; take place; take to heart; take up arms; take in hand; take notice; take part. (2) Draw sword; draw rein; draw on one's imagination; draw on one's memory; draw back. (3) Fall upon; fall back; fall foul; fall on one's feet; fall through; fall to; fall short of. (4) Come together; come to grief; come upon; come up with.

II. *Improve the following, writing in the style of the extract:—*

(1) There was a great river and only one place to cross it, and two knights were ready on the other side to stop their crossing. (2) Finally Sir Beaumains hit the other on his helmet. (3) Well, girl, you can say what you like, but I will follow you wherever you go. (4) I am astonished, said the black knight, that any worshipful man will have anything to do with him. (5) Then, terribly angry, they galloped off and charged one another, making a noise like thunder. (6) Then Beaumains got down off his horse and put on the other knight's armour. (7) There is someone near here who will pay you out for it and therefore, if you'll take my advice you'll flee.

III. *Use the following phrases in complete sentences:—*

(1) To let them the passage. (2) Therewithal he fell down. (3) Sir Beaumains clave his helm. (4) Thou hast done doughtily. (5) I reck not. (6) Give me goodly language. (7) Maugre mine head. (8) Therewith his spear brake. (9) Then he alight down.

IV. *Relate the combat between Sir Beaumains and the Knight of the Black Lawns. Write your account, as far as possible, in the style of the original.*

NOTES.—¹ *let* = hinder. ² *stoned* = was stoned or confused. ³ *avail* = welfare, good. ⁴ *cowess* = bravery. ⁵ *Gracemy* = great thanks. ⁶ *maugre mine head* = in spite of my resistance. ⁷ *wit* = know.

XXXVI. THE BEAUTY OF COMMON SCENES

It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions. I turn, without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap common things which are the precious necessities of life to her;—or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart-pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable contentment and good-will. “Foh!” says my idealistic friend, “what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life!—what clumsy, ugly people!”

But bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope? I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been

ugly, and even among those "lords of their kind", the British, squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions are not startling exceptions. Yet there is a great deal of family love amongst us. I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on the summit of their brows would be decidedly trying; yet to my certain knowledge tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an excellent matron, who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love-letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes! thank God; human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth: it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force and brings beauty with it.

All honour and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love that other beauty too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us

any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art, those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their cluster of onions. In this world there are so many of these common coarse people, who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them. There are few prophets in the world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I cannot afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities: I want a great deal of those feelings for my everyday fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni¹ or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common labourer, who gets his own bread, and eats it vulgarly but creditably with his own pocket-knife. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely-assorted cravat and waistcoat,

than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers.

—GEORGE ELIOT. (*From "Adam Bede". By permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.*)

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences containing the following idiomatic phrases:—*

Make way; make after; make amends; make head against; make light of; make much of; make no doubt; make sail; make sure; make up for; make up; make the most of; make off with; make a clean sweep of; make both ends meet; make one's mark.

II. *Improve the following sentences:—*

(1) I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful, sympathetic pictures. (2) Elderly and middle-aged friends drink from quart-pots with very irregular noses and lips. (3) What is the good of taking all these pains in giving an exact likeness of old women and clowns? (4) There have been plenty of young heroes who have felt quite sure that they could never have loved anything more insignificant than a Diana. (5) I have a friend or two whose features are so arranged that a curl upon the top of them would look decidedly trying. (6) Do not impose upon us any æsthetic rules to banish those old women scraping carrots, from the region of Art.

III. *Write a short description of:—*

(1) An old country-woman eating her solitary meal. (2) A village wedding. (3) A Madonna. (4) An angel. (5) A cottage.

IV. *Write an essay on Commonplace Things, enlarging upon the following points:—*

(1) Wherein lies the beauty of the commonplace—truthfulness—reality—"a source of delicious sympathy". (2) Mention a few common scenes beloved of Dutch painters. (3) The manner in which such scenes affect our feelings. "Human feeling does not wait for beauty, it brings beauty with it." (4) Rarity of the sublimely beautiful and the abundance of commonplace people. "It is necessary we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy."

NOTE.—¹ *lassaroni* = beggars.

XXXVII. RURAL LIFE

Sweet country life to such unknown,
Whose lives are others', not their own;
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot¹ from the west:
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds;
For well thou know'st 't is not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content,
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn:
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands:
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough:
This done, then to th' enamell'd meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present god-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;

And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine;
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat?
Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
And as thou look'st the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there;
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep safe from the wolf and fox,
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the homely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes³, thy quintells⁴, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too, with garlands graced,
Thy morris-dance⁵, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail,
Thy harvest home, thy wassail-bowl⁶,
That's toss'd up after Fox i' th' hole,
Thy mummeries, thy twelve-tide kings
And queens⁷, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it;
To these thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw and get
The lark into the trammel-net;
Thou hast thy cockrood⁸, and thy glade⁹,
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls, then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.



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W. A. Munsell & Co.

THE FRUGAL MEAL. BY JOSEF ISRAELS (Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery).

[Chap. xxxvi, "The Beauty of Common Scenes."

O happy life! if that their good
 Their husbandmen but understood;
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these;
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

—HERRICK.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. Find suitable metaphors for the following:—

The morn; the meads; the farmer's mirth; the ocean; the ingot of gold; content; corn-field; a flower; the vine; the daffodil; the daisy; the hare; the snow; the glade.

II. Express the following in poetical language:—

(1) The height of your ambition is to pay your labourers and to end the year with all debts settled. (2) When the crowing of the cock and the blast of the ploughman's horn announce the advent of morning, you set off for your corn-fields. (3) Then you go to your brightly-coloured meadows in which every blade of grass and every flower is of the greatest interest to you. (4) You have your hours set apart for sports and pastimes. (5) What a happy life is a farmer's if he only understands his good fortune! (6) When he lies down to rest, he has nothing to disturb his sleep, and the night passes swiftly.

III. Answer the following questions:—

(1) What is the farmer's ambition? (2) Why does the farmer not envy others' larger grounds? (3) What is the first thing the farmer does in the morning? (4) What does he see in his meadows? (5) Mention some country sports. (6) Why does the countryman's night soon pass?

IV. Write an essay on the Pleasures of Rural Life, enlarging on the following points:—

(1) The farmer's daily round, its joys and pleasures—corn-fields—plough—pastures.

“For well thou know'st 't is not the extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.”

(2) Country sports and pastimes,—dancing, wakes, quintells, May-poles, morris-dance, shearing-feast, harvest home, &c. (3) The peaceful rest at the close of day.

“Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.”

NOTES.—¹ *ingot* = silver or gold. ² *neat* = ox or cow. ³ *wake* = a village festival, held usually on the Sunday after the day of the saints, to whom the village church was dedicated. ⁴ *quintells* = a corruption for *quintain*, the pastime of tilting at the quintain, an object arranged so as to punish awkwardness and develop skill in the use of the lance. ⁵ *morris-dance* = a dance of persons in costume, usually held on May-day to celebrate the beginning of summer. ⁶ *wassail-bowl* = bowl from which healths were drunk. ⁷ *twelve-tide kings and queens* = Twelfth-day, that is, 5th of January celebrations, a rustic festival in which the choosing of a bean or cake king and queen (twelve-tide) formed one of the customs. ⁸ *cockrood* = broad, straight road through the wood, with a net across part of it, a contrivance for catching woodcocks. ⁹ *glade* = a cleared space where pheasants might be snared.

XXXVIII. THE BUILDING OF THE BOAT

At length, I began to think whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, or peragua, such as the natives of those climates make, even without tools, or as I might say, without hands, of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the idea of making it, and with my having much more convenience for it than any of the negroes, or Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences which I lay under, more than the Indians did, viz., the want of hands to move it into the water when it was made, a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the consequences of want of tools could be to them: for what could it avail me, if, after I had chosen my tree, and with much trouble cut it down, and might be able with my tools to hew and dub the outside into the proper shape of a boat, and burn, or cut out the inside, to make it hollow, so as to make a boat of it; if, after all this, I must leave it just where I found it, and was not able to launch it into the water.

One would imagine, if I had had the least reflection upon my mind of my circumstances, while I was making this boat, I should have immediately thought how I was to get it into the sea; but my thoughts were so intent upon my voyage in it, that I never once considered how I should get it off the land; and it was really in its own nature more easy for me to guide it over forty-five miles of sea, than the forty-five fathoms of land, where it lay, to set it afloat in the water.

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining whether I was able to undertake it; not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head; but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it, by this foolish answer: Let us first make it: I warrant I will find some way or other to get it along when it is done.

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar-tree, and I question much, whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem; it was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, where it lessened, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite labour that I felled this tree; I was twenty days hacking and hewing at the bottom, and fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast spreading head of it cut off; after this it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it out so as to make an exact boat of it: this I did indeed without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labour, till I had brought it to be a very handsome periagua, and big enough to have carried six-and-twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

When I had gone through this work, I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much

bigger than ever I saw a canoe or periagua that was made of one tree, in my life. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure; and there remained nothing but to get it into the water; which, had I accomplished, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.

But all my devices to get it into the water failed me; though they cost me inexpressible labour too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was up hill towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth and so make a declivity; this I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains; but who grudge pains that have their deliverance in view? When this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much the same, for I could no more stir the canoe than I could the other boat. Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal, to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work; and when I began to enter upon it, and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff was to be thrown out, I found by the number of hands I had, having none but my own, that it must have been ten or twelve years before I could have gone through with it; for the shore lay so high, that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty feet deep; this attempt, though with great reluctancy, I was at length obliged to give over also.

This grieved me heartily; and now I saw, though

too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it. —DANIEL DEFOE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences containing the following idiomatic phrases:—*

(1) So as to; never so; ever so; so and so; so much for.
(2) Get something off; get at; get on; get over; get through with something. (3) Put a stop to; put to sea; put to rights; put to death; put the shoulder to the wheel; put in mind; put one's best foot foremost; put off; hard put to it. (4) Go through with; go without saying; go through fire and water; go one's way; go hard with; go for nothing; go against the grain; go by the board; go abroad.

II. *Improve the following sentences:—*

(1) I thought this possible and easy and was very pleased about making it, and being able to do it much easier than the negroes.
(2) Anyone would have thought, that if I had thought over the matter carefully while making the boat, I should have at once thought of how I was going to get it into the sea. (3) Not the shadow of a difficulty about the launching of my boat entered my head. (4) I found delight in designing this boat and to reflect over the voyage I intended to make in it. (5) Now I saw, though too late, how foolish it is for one to begin a work, before one has counted the cost and before one judges rightly of one's own strength to go through with it.

III. *Recount the story of Crusoe's boat-building, enlarging upon the following points:—*

(1) His reflections before beginning his task. "My thoughts were so intent upon my voyage in it that I never once considered how I should get it off the land." (2) Felling the cedar-tree. (3) Shaping the outside and clearing the inside. (4) Crusoe's delight at the finished boat. (5) His attempts to launch it. (6) His reflections upon his lack of foresight.

XXXIX. SUNSET

Whatever beauty there may result from effects of light on foreground objects, — from the dew of the grass, the flash of the cascade, the glitter of the birch trunk, or the fair daylight hues of darker things, (and joyfulness there is in all of them), there is yet a light which the eye invariably seeks with a deeper feeling of the beautiful,—the light of the declining or breaking day, and the flakes of scarlet cloud burning like watch-fires in the green sky of the horizon; a deeper feeling, I say, not perhaps more acute, but having more of spiritual hope and longing, less of animal and present life: more manifest, invariably, in those of more serious and determined mind, (I use the word serious, not as being opposed to cheerful, but to trivial and volatile,) but, I think, marked and unfailing even in those of the least thoughtful dispositions. I am willing to let it rest on the determination of every reader, whether the pleasure which he has received from these effects of calm and luminous distance be not the most singular and memorable of which he has been conscious; whether all that is dazzling in colour, perfect in form, gladdening in expression, be not of evanescent and shallow appealing, when compared with the still small voice of the level twilight behind purple hills, or the scarlet arch of dawn over the dark, troublous-edged sea.

Let us try to discover that which effects of this kind possess, or suggest, peculiar to themselves; and which other effects of light and colour possess not. There must be something in them of a peculiar char-

acter, and that, whatever it be, must be one of the primal and most earnest motives of beauty to human sensation.

Do they show finer characters of form than can be developed by the broader daylight? Not so; for their power is almost independent of the forms they assume or display: it matters little whether the bright clouds be simple or manifold, whether the mountain line be subdued or majestic; the fairer forms of earthly things are by them subdued and disguised, the round and muscular growth of the forest trunks is sunk into skeleton lines of quiet shade, the purple clefts of the hillside are labyrinthed in the darkness, the orbed spring and whirling wave of the torrent have given place to a white, ghastly, interrupted gleaming. Have they more perfection or fulness of colour? Not so; for their effect is oftentimes deeper when their hues are dim, than when they are blazoned with crimson and pale gold: and assuredly, in the blue of the rainy sky, in the many tints of morning flowers, in the sunlight on summer foliage and field, there are more sources of mere sensual colour-pleasure than in the single streak of wan and dying light.

—JOHN RUSKIN. (*From "Modern Painters". By permission of Mr. George Allen.*)

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Give a brief but vivid description of the following:—*

- (1) Cloud effects at sunset. (2) Sun setting behind hills.
- (3) Daybreak over a rough sea. (4) Effects of subdued light on trees. (5) Effects of subdued light on hill, spring, and stream.

II. *Improve upon the following, altering, varying, or expanding*

words and phrases until the whole has a pleasant flow and a melodious close:—

The subject of this paper is a sunset scene. Broad daylight can give beautiful effects, the grass shines with dew, the waterfall flashes in the sunlight, the birch trunk shines also; but a more beautiful effect is given by the sun setting. For then, the clouds turn red, the hills shine purple against the light of the sun, the trees shine dimly and whitely. All forms of earthly things are subdued and look different. The splashing streamlet doesn't seem to splash any longer, it seems to gleam with a ghastly intermittent light. The mighty forest trees which show up so distinctly and differently in the broad light of day, now seem almost like one great shadowy mass in which we can barely distinguish the lines of shadowy trunks. It is not that there is more colour in the twilight than in the broad light of day. In the daytime the various colours of the flowers, the blue sky, the bright green foliage of trees and grasses, the brown of tree-trunks and rocks, all supply a blaze of colour; but at sunset all these colours are deepened and turned dim. This is the effect of sunset.

III. *Give a description of any beautiful sunset that you have seen, preferably in a hilly or mountainous district.*

Pay special attention to the colouring of various objects, and bring out the contrast between the effects of broad daylight and of twilight. In your description, dwell upon the sky and clouds, the hills and large objects of the landscape, the trees, streams, and grasses.

XL. VALUE OF TIME

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that, of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man.

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor, we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease and happiness are always exhausted by the present day: and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal,

it may reasonably be expected that we should be so frugal as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and, perhaps, it might be found that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution¹ of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial cracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and, exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires: efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by

intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary that, whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the use of the following idioms:—*

(1) Give up; give chase; give ear; give forth; give ground; give in; give rein; give the lie to; give tongue; give way. (2) Serve the purpose; serve the turn; serve up.

II. *Improve upon the following*, altering, varying, expanding or omitting words and phrases, until the exercise has a pleasant melodious, and dignified rhythm:—

THE VALUE OF TIME

Time is very valuable. When we deduct from our total time, the amount we spend on sleep, paying calls, and other necessities of civility, illness, on making money, or in resting from our labour, we find that a very small portion remains in which we can call ourselves our own masters and which we can spend just as we like. We should be very careful of this spare time which is left to us and not let it slip by without obtaining something from it. Even though our spare time is very short, we should not think that it is too short for us to accomplish anything and that we may as well waste it; we must remember that every minute is of value and that diligence and perseverance in these spare moments may make all the difference in life to us. It will be no good for us, in the future, to look back with regret upon our wasted time: we must remember that time is valuable.

III. *Write an essay on The Value of Time, enlarging upon the following points:—*

(1) Comparison between the small space of earth which can be

cultivated or inhabited and the small space of time which we can use as we choose. (2) We should be so frugal of our spare moments as to let none slip by without equivalent. (3) Value of moments. "We never consider ourselves as possessed of time sufficient for any great design." (4) "More is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance than from violent efforts and sudden desires."

NOTE.—¹ *comminution* = reduction to small dimensions, diminution of actual living time.

XLI. FEUDAL SCENES

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers¹—
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan² to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head.
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!
“Here, in my shade,” methinks he'd say,
“The mighty stag at noontide lay:
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
With lurching step around me prowled,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay green-wood.

Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power :
 A thousand vassals muster'd round,
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound
 And I might see the youth intent
 Guard every pass with cross-bow bent ;
 And through the brake the rangers stalk.
 And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;
 And foresters, in green-wood trim,
 Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim.
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
 From the dark covert drove the prey,
 To slip them as he broke away.
 The startled quarry bounds amain,
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain ;
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,
 Answers the arquebuss³ below ;
 While all the rocking hills reply,
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry,
 And bugles ringing lightsomely." - SCOTT.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write sentences illustrating the use of the following idioms:—*

To be set on something; set abroad; set apart; set at ease; set at naught; set eyes upon; set free; set in order; set much by; set one's hand to; set one's teeth; set on foot; set skill; set the fashion; set the teeth on edge; set at liberty; set by the ears.

II. *Write a few sentences descriptive of the following:—*

(1) The lonely thorn. (2) The stag. (3) The wolf. (4) The mountain-boar. (5) The deer. (6) The soldiers. (7) The foresters and their dogs. (8) The echoes from the hills.

III. *Rewrite the following in poetical prose:—*

(1) Would that this grey and stubborn old thorn could tell us of the deep shade once offered by the numerous branches. (2) I



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THE FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE. By J. M. W. TURNER (National Gallery).

[Chap. xxxix, "Sunset"]

think he would say: "The great stag used to lie here in my shade at mid-day. I have also seen the wolf, a fiercer animal than the stag, prowling round me with stealthy steps and stopping to howl at the moon. When the mountain-boar intended to fight, he would come and sharpen his tusks upon my stem."

(3) Often the army of some Scottish king would march from Newark Castle, now lying in ruins. I could see the youths attentively guarding every pass with their cross-bows ready bent.

(4) Foresters lead grim-looking hounds in the leash, ready to slip them as soon as the quarry bursts from cover. (5) All around, the hills echo back the sound of horses' hoofs, the baying of hounds and the cries of the hunters.

IV. *Give a description of a forest scene in the Middle Ages.* Mention the different kinds of trees, the animals that roamed the forest at that period, the huntsmen, falconers, foresters, and the troops of armed men whose duty, at various times, was to guard the passes.

NOTES.—¹ *green compeers* = young trees growing in the neighbourhood, his equals. ² *rowan* = mountain ash. ³ *arquebuss* or *harquebus* = the early type of portable gun which, on account of its weight, had to be supported in some way or other when fired.

XLII. THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES

The first groups of figures point a contrast which is obviously intentional; and the significance becomes sadly earnest when we remember who it was that was to bear the shield. The moral is a very modern one, and the picture might be called by the modern name of Peace and War. There are two cities, embodying in their condition the two ideas. In one, a happy wedding is going forward; the pomp of the hymeneal procession is passing along the streets; the air is full of music, and the women are standing at their doors to gaze. The other is in the terrors of a siege; the hostile armies glitter under the walls, the women and children press into the defence, and crowd to the battlements. In the first city, a quarrel rises, and wrong is made right, not by violence and fresh wrong, but by the majesty of law and order. The heads of the families are sitting gravely in the marketplace, the cause is heard, the compensation set, the claim awarded. Under the walls of the other city an ambush lies, like a wild beast on the watch for its prey. The unsuspecting herdsmen pass on with their flocks to the water-side; the spoilers spring from their hiding-place, and all is strife, and death, and horror, and confusion.

If there were other war-scenes on the shield, it might be doubted whether Homer intended so strong a contrast as he executed; but fighting for its own sake was evidently held in slight respect with him. The forms of life which were really beautiful to him

follow in a series of exquisite Rubens-like pictures: harvest scenes and village festivals; the ploughing and the vintage, or the lion-hunt on the reedy margin of the river; and he describes them with a serene, sunny enjoyment which no other old-world art or poetry gives us anything in the least resembling. Even we ourselves, in our own pastorals, are struggling with but half success, after what Homer entirely possessed. What a majesty he has thrown into his harvest scene! The yellow corn falling, the boys following to gather up the large armsfull as they drop behind the reapers; in the distance a banquet preparing under the trees; in the centre, in the midst of his workmen, the king sitting in mellow silence, sceptre in hand, looking on with gladdened heart. Again we see the ploughmen, unlike what are to be seen in our corn-grounds, turning their teams at the end of the furrow, and attendants standing ready with the wine-cup, to hand to them as they pass. Homer had seen these things, or he would not have sung of them; and princes and nobles might have shared such labour without shame, when kings took part in it, and gods designed it, and the divine Achilles bore its image among his insignia in the field.

Analogous to this, and as part of the same feeling, is that intense enjoyment of natural scenery, so keen in Homer, and of which the Athenian poets show not a trace; as, for instance, in that night landscape by the sea, finished off in a few lines only, but so exquisitely perfect! The broad moon, gleaming through the mist as it parts suddenly from off the sky; the crags and headlands, and soft wooded slopes, shining

out in the silver light, and earth and sea transformed into fairy land.

—FROUDE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Condense or compress this extract into as few lines as possible.*

Search for the material points of the matter given and set them down in the fewest possible words, taking care that your meaning is quite clear, and that your account is written in good flowing language.

II. *Write a few sentences descriptive of the following:—*

(1) A Grecian wedding-party. (2) A besieged town. (3) An ambush. (4) A harvest scene. (5) A night landscape by the sea.

III. *Improve upon the following:—*

(1) Homer has thrown a majesty into his harvest scene. Boys are walking round gathering the corn which is falling behind the reapers. In the background, they are making dinner; in the middle, the king is sitting, silent but happy with his sceptre in his hand, and looking on merrily. (2) There are two great cities on the shield giving examples of Peace and War. In one we see a happy wedding-party; the wedding procession looks fine as it passes along the street; music is playing, and women rush out to their doors to look at it. In the other, we see a besieged town; the army can be seen under the walls, with all their swords and shields shining in the sun. The shepherds who do not know about the siege are taking their flocks to the water when out rush a number of soldiers from an ambush and slaughter them.

IV. *Write an essay on the representation, in art, of scenes of pastoral or natural beauty as opposed to those of war, enlarging upon the following points:—*

(1) Art should not portray the ugly, for what is unpleasing cannot be artistic. War is unpleasing, hence it cannot be artistic. (2) Draw a vivid contrast between a battle scene and a scene of pastoral or natural life. On the one hand, "all is strife, and death, and horror, and confusion"; on the other, all is "serene, sunny enjoyment". (3) Homer as an example of a literary artist who revels in the portrayal of the natural, and has but slight respect for scenes of war.

XLIII. THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD
THE SAILOR

I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a second time, with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board of a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which afforded a delightful shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was no longer in view.

In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time, overwhelmed by a rushing current of thoughts, each more distressing than the last. When I gazed towards the sea I could discern nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land I beheld something white; and coming down, I took what provision I had left, and went towards the object, which was so distant that at first I could not distinguish what it was.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent. I drew near to it, and walked round it; but found no door to it; and I

found that I had not strength nor activity to climb it, on account of its exceeding smoothness. I made a mark at the place where I stood, and went round the dome, measuring its circumference; and lo! it was fifty full paces; and I meditated upon some means of gaining an entrance into it; but no means of accomplishing this occurred to me.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a most extraordinary size, that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the roc, and conceived that the great dome which I so much admired must be her egg. Shortly afterwards, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc, when she took her flight the next morning, would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me to such a height, that I could no longer discern the earth; she afterwards descended with so much rapidity that I lost my senses. When I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a serpent of monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The spot where she left me was a very deep valley encompassed on all sides by mountains, that seemed

to reach above the clouds, and so steep that there was no possibility of climbing them.

As I walked through this valley, I perceived it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising size. I took pleasure in looking upon them; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not view without terror, namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous, that the least of them would have swallowed an elephant with ease. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came on I went into a small cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a stone large enough to protect me from the serpents; but which yet allowed a little light to pass into the cave. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing round me, put me into such extreme fear that I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say, that I walked upon diamonds, without feeling the least desire to possess them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions, after making another meal off my provisions I fell asleep, for I had not once closed my eyes during all the previous night.

—*The Arabian Nights. Adapted from the translation by Mr. W. E. Lane.*

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write a précis of the preceding extract.*

By a *précis* is meant a compressed and condensed statement of the substance of the narrative. Search for the essential points, and set them down clearly and in the fewest possible words. Your account should be presented in a consecutive and readable shape.

II. *Expand the following précis to what you consider was its original form:—*

I put to sea for a second time, and during the course of the voyage, landed on an uninhabited island. Overcome by sleep, I lay down, and on awaking, discovered that the ship was gone. In dismay, I looked around me, and beheld in the distance a smooth white dome of huge size. I walked up to it, and discovered from the fact that an enormous bird, whose wings darkened the sky, came and sat upon it, that it must be a roc's egg. I tied myself to the roc's leg, and on the following day was borne to a valley strewn with diamonds and infested with serpents. Here I set myself loose, and the roc, seizing a serpent, flew away. Finding that I could not get out of the valley, because of the mountains which encircled it, I secured myself in a cave. Here, although frightened by the hissing of the serpents, I fell asleep.

III. *With the help of the following notes, narrate, in the style of the preceding extract, the adventure indicated, as if it happened to yourself.*

(1) You have a ship built, and purchase goods to place in it; other merchants sail with you. (2) You land on desert island (give short description), discover roc's egg, merchants break it open and eat young roc inside. (3) Parent birds fly up and drop boulders upon you. (4) They miss you; you set sail; one boulder splits the ship. (5) You swim ashore, meet an old and apparently infirm man; take him on your back and cannot get him off again. (6) One day, you fill a calabash with grape-juice, and leave it for a few days to ferment. You drink the wine, and begin to sing and dance. (7) The old man asks for some, you give it him; it makes him drunk, and he falls from your back.

XLIV. ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure, frequently, to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and even accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company.

He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing-clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion; together with pieces that concerned navigation and his mathematical instru-

ments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies.

The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, as he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy; scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a con-

stant cheerful serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears: but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing and breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them. But at that time his spirits and life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he despatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers

about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under him, he fell down a precipice and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought if I had not been let into his character and story I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company from his aspect and gestures; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ships which brought him off the island, came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude.

—SIR RICHARD STEELE.

"Solitude, when too long continued, is capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish."
—*Deloraine.*

XLV.

THE SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,

By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine,
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow.
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

—SHELLEY.

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid movements, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away.

—BURNS.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Find metaphors or similes for the following:—*

(1) The skylark springing from the earth. (2) The beams of the setting sun. (3) The shades of evening. (4) The song of the skylark. (5) The shining light of the moon. (6) The skylark as a songster. (7) A golden glow-worm. (8) A maiden singing in a palace tower.

II. *Paraphrase the poem.*

When paraphrasing poetry into prose, care should be taken to exclude any archaic or unusual words which, though permissible in poetry, are objectionable in prose. Any form of rhyme should be avoided. All poetical constructions and methods of spelling must be changed, for such are out of place in a passage of prose.

III. *Write an essay on Song-birds.*

Treat the subject quite generally, and carefully avoid all semblance to a catalogue of names and habits. Use any

metaphors, similes, or other figures of speech which occur to you; do not, however, search for such figures; they must occur spontaneously, otherwise they will appear artificial and self-conscious. Enlarge upon the following outline:—

(1) Beauty of Birds.

“Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace.”

—*Montgomery.*

(2) Music of Birds.

“Hear how the birds, on ev’ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day.”

—*Pope.*

(3) Habits of Birds.

“Nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast.”

—*Milton.*

XLVI. THE GAMING-TABLES

I dined the next day at the Frères Provençaux: an excellent restaurateur's, by the bye, where one gets irreproachable *gibier*¹, and meets few English. After dinner, I strolled into the various gambling-houses, with which the Palais Royal abounds.

In one of these the crowd and heat were so great, that I should immediately have retired if I had not been struck with the intense expression of interest in the countenance of one of the spectators at the *rouge et noir*² table. He was a man about forty years of age; his complexion was dark and sallow; the features prominent, and what are generally called handsome; but there was a certain sinister expression in his eyes and mouth, which rendered the effect of his physiognomy rather disagreeable than prepossessing. At a small distance from him, and playing, with an air which, in its carelessness and nonchalance, formed a remarkable contrast to the painful anxiety of the man I have just described, sate Mr. Thornton.

At first sight these two appeared to be the only Englishmen present beside myself; I was more struck by seeing the former in that scene than I was at meeting Thornton there; for there was something distinguished in the mien of the stranger, which suited far worse with the appearance of the place, than the air and dress of my *ci-devant*³ second.

What! another Englishman? thought I, as I turned round and perceived a thick, rough greatcoat, which could possibly belong to no continental shoulders. The wearer was standing directly opposite to the seat

of the swarthy stranger; his hat was slouched over his face; I moved in order to get a clearer view of his countenance. It was the same person I had seen with Thornton that morning. Never to this moment have I forgotten the stern and ferocious expression of the gambler opposite. In the eye and lip there was neither pleasure, hatred, nor scorn, in their simple and unalloyed elements; but each seemed blent and mingled into one deadly concentration of evil passions.

This man neither played, nor spoke, nor moved. He appeared utterly insensible of every feeling in common with those around. There he stood, wrapped in his own dark and inscrutable thoughts, never, for one instant, taking his looks from the varying countenance which did not observe their gaze, nor altering the withering character of their almost demoniacal expression. I could not tear myself from the spot. I felt chained by some mysterious and undefinable interest; my attention was first diverted into a new channel, by a loud exclamation from the dark-visaged gambler at the table; it was the first he had uttered, notwithstanding his anxiety; and, from the deep, thrilling tone in which it was expressed, it conveyed a keen sympathy with the overcharged feelings which it burst from.

With a trembling hand, he took from an old purse the few Napoleons that were still left there. He set them all at one hazard on the *rouge*. He hung over the table with a dropping lip; his hands were tightly clasped in each other; his nerves seemed strained into the last agony of excitation. I ventured to raise my eyes upon the gaze, which I felt must still be upon

the gambler—there it was fixed, and stern as before!—but it now conveyed a deeper expression of joy than it had hitherto assumed; yet a joy so malignant and fiendish, that no look of mere anger or hatred could have equally chilled my heart. I dropped my eyes. I redoubled my attention to the cards—the last two were to be turned up. A moment more!—the fortunes were to the *noir*. The stranger had lost! He did not utter a single word. He looked with a vacant eye on the long mace, with which the marker had swept away his last hopes, with his last coin, and then, rising, left the room, and disappeared.

The other Englishman was not long in following him. He uttered a short low laugh, unheard, perhaps, by anyone but myself; and, pushing through the atmosphere of *sacrés!* and *mille tonnerres!* which filled that pandemonium, strode quickly to the door. I felt as if a load had been taken from my bosom, when he was gone.

—LORD LYTTON.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write a précis of the preceding extract.*

Bear in mind that the condensed account must contain the essential points in the original, and that it must read well.

II. *Write a short description of the following:—*

(1) One of the spectators at the *rouge et noir* table. (2) The gambler. (3) The gaming-rooms.

III. *Write an essay on the Evils of Gambling.*

Enlarge upon the following outline, which should be regarded as merely suggestive:—

(1) Give a description of a gambler losing his money at the gaming-tables.

(2) Wretched Spirit of Gambling.

“What meaner vice
Crawls there than that which no affections urge,
And no delights refine; which from the soul
Steals mounting impulses which might inspire
Its noblest ventures, for the arid quest
Of wealth 'mid ruin.” — *Talfourd*.

(3) Ruinous Consequences of Gambling.

“Gambling, whether pursued from a desire of gain or love of pleasure, is as ruinous to the temper and disposition of the party addicted to it, as it is to his fame and fortune.” — *Burton*.

“By gaming, we lose both our time and treasure.” — *Feltham*.

(4) Condemnation of Gambling.

“Gambling-houses are temples where the most sordid and turbulent passions contend: there, no spectator can be indifferent; a card or a small square of ivory, interests more than the loss of an empire.” — *Zimmerman*.

NOTES.—¹ *gibier* = game. ² *rouge et noir*, *lit.* “red and black”, a game at cards played between a banker in charge of the table and persons staking money on the red or the black, &c., the winning colour being decided by the cards turned up. ³ *ci-devant* = former.

XLVII. THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

We need not be so afraid of this valley, said Mr. Greatheart, for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it to ourselves. 'Tis true Christian did here meet with Apollyon, with whom he also had a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips that he got in his going down the hill, for they that get slips there must look for combats here. And hence it is that this valley has got so hard a name; for the common people, when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such a one in such a place, are of opinion that that place is haunted with some foul fiend or evil spirit, when, alas! it is for the fruit of their own doing that such things do befall them there.

The valley of humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over; and I am persuaded, if we could hit upon it, we might find somewhere hereabouts something that might give us an account why Christian was so hardly beset in this place.

Then said James to his mother, lo! yonder stands a pillar, and it looks as if something was written thereon: let us go and see what it is. So they went, and found there written, "Let Christian's slip, before he came hither, and the battles that he met with in this place, be a warning to those that come after". Lo! said their guide, did not I tell you there was something hereabouts that would give intimation of the reason why Christian was so hard beset in this place? Then turning himself to Christiana, he said, no disparagement to Christian more than to many others whose hap and lot it was; for it is easier going

up than down this hill, and that can be said but of few hills in all these parts of the world. But we will leave the good man; he is at rest; he also had a brave victory over his enemy; let Him grant, that dwelleth above, that we fare no worse, when we come to be tried, than he!

But we will come again to this valley of humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. It is fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in summer-time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this valley is! also how beautiful with lilies! I have known many labouring men that have got good estates in this valley of humiliation. "For God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble;" for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end.

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance, and as he sat by himself he sung. "Hark," said Mr. Greatheart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith;" so they hearkened, and he said,

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord! contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

Then said their guide, do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet!

—JOHN BUNYAN.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. The preceding extract is an allegory, a figure of speech which narrates a story ostensibly referring to material things, but which describes and explains abstract truths. Other examples of allegories are the Parables of the New Testament.

Write allegories on the following:—

(1) "A man who gambles is a moral suicide," taking as your figure a man setting out in a stormy sea in a small boat, there to be gradually engulfed in the tempestuous waves. (2) "True art, to be powerful, should be simple and unadorned," taking as your figure an archer, who ornaments his bow with carvings; these weaken the wood and it splits. (3) "Death," taking as your figure a man leaving his native country to venture upon an unknown sea.

II. *Write an essay on Humility, with the following suggested outline as your basis:—*

(1) What is true Humility?

"Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection and self-distrust, the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves."—*Zimmerman*.

(2) Hypocritical Humility.

"There are some that use
Humility to serve their pride, and seem

Humble upon their way, to be prouder
At their wish'd journey's end." —*Denham*.

(3) Humility leads to Improvement.

"Study your own characters; endeavour to learn and to supply your own deficiencies; never assume to yourself qualities which you do not possess; combine all this with energy and activity, and you cannot predicate of yourselves at what point you may arrive at last."—*Sir Benjamin Brodie*.

(4) Safety of Humility.

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride." —*John Bunyan*.

XLVIII. THE ADVANTAGE OF METHOD

What is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education; and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) “we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain without finding him out”? Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interests of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases; for if he be, as we now assume, a *well*-educated man, as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to allow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, and, unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to com-

municate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is METHOD in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling; whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action, and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses, and, with the exception of the "and then", the "and there", and the still less significant "and so", they constitute likewise all his connections.

Our discussion, however, is confined to method, as employed in the formation of the understanding and in the constructions of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth, or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace, or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that everything is in its place. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable

lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more: he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature.

—SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write a précis of the preceding extract, paying particular regard to the style of your account.*

II. *Write an essay on the Advantage of Method, making a basis of the following suggested outline:—*

(1) Method in Speech.

“However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.”—*Samuel Coleridge*.

“Desultoriness may often be the mark of a full head; connection must proceed from a thoughtful one.”—*Danby*.

(2) Method in Deed.

“From the cotter’s hearth, or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace, or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that everything is in its place.”—*Samuel Coleridge*.

(3) The Insects as an Example.

“So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.”

—*Shakespeare*.

(4) Occasional Want of Method in Men of Genius.

“Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.”—*Addison*.

XLIX. THE OCEAN

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, quivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

—LORD BYRON.



From a photograph by F. H. Worsley-Bentley

"ROLL ON, THOU DEEP AND DARK BLUE OCEAN, ROLL!"

[Chap. xlix. "The Ocean"]

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Paraphrase the preceding poem.*

Pay particular attention to the melodious flow of your English, and to the exclusion of all words or phrases not permissible in prose.

II. *Write an essay on The Mighty Ocean, taking the following suggested outline as a basis:—*

(1) Description of a Sea-scape, appearance and sounds.

“Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it, like a wearied bird.”

—*Campbell.*

“The ocean's surfy, slow, deep mellow voice, full of mystery and awe, moaning over the dead it holds in its bosom, or lulling them to unbroken slumbers in the chambers of its vasty depths.”—*Haliburton.*

(2) Grandeur of the Ocean.

“What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space;
Thy surge two worlds eternal warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.”

—*Chenedolle.*

(3) The Ocean, the grave of men and treasure.

“The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments.”—*Mantell.*

“What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?”

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

(4) The Ocean a type of the Infinite.

“Type of the Infinite. I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place.”

—*Dana.*

L. THE BATTLE OF CORUÑA

On the morning of the 16th, the General gave notice that he intended, if the French did not move, to begin embarking the reserve at four in the afternoon. This was about mid-day. He mounted his horse, and set off to visit the outposts: before he had proceeded far, a messenger came to tell him that the enemy's line were getting under arms; and a deserter, arriving at the same moment, confirmed the intelligence. He spurred forward. Their light troops were pouring rapidly down the hill on the right wing of the British, and the advanced piquet were already beginning to fire. Lord William Bentinck's brigade, consisting of the 4th, 42nd, and 50th regiments, maintained this post. It was a bad position, and yet, if the troops gave way on that point, the ruin of the army was inevitable. The Guards were in their rear. General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve, and support Lord William. The enemy opened a cannonade with eleven heavy guns, advantageously placed on the hills. Two strong columns, one advancing from a wood, the other skirting its edge, directed their march towards the right wing. A third column approached the centre: a fourth advanced slowly upon the left, a fifth remained half-way down the hill, in the same direction. Both in number and weight of guns they had a decided superiority; and they fired with such effect from the commanding situation which they had chosen, that the balls in their bounding reached the British reserve, and occasioned some loss there.

Sir David Baird had his arm shattered with a grape-shot as he was leading on his division. The two lines of infantry advanced against each other: they were separated by stone walls and hedges which intersected the ground; but as they closed, it was perceived that the French line extended beyond the right flank of the British, and a body of the enemy was observed moving up the valley to turn it. Marshal Soult's intention was to force the right of the British, and thus to interpose between Coruña and the army, and cut it off from the place of embarkation. Failing in this attempt, he was now endeavouring to outflank it. Half of the 4th regiment was therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. This manœuvre was excellently performed, and they commenced a heavy flanking fire. Sir John Moore called out to them that this was exactly what he wanted to be done, and rode on to the 50th, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope. They got over an enclosure in their front, charged the enemy most gallantly, and drove them out of the village of Elvina; but Major Napier, advancing too far in the pursuit, received several wounds, and was made prisoner, and Major Stanhope was killed.

The General now proceeded to the 42nd. "Highlanders," said he, "remember Egypt!" They rushed on, and drove the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall: Sir John accompanied them in this charge. He now sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of Guards to the left flank of the 42nd. The officer commanding the light infantry conceived, at this, that they were to be relieved by the Guards,

because their ammunition was nearly expended, and he began to fall back. The General, discovering the mistake, said to them: "My brave 42nd, join your comrades: ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets!" Upon this, they instantly moved forward. The enemy kept up a hot fire, and their artillery played incessantly on the spot where they were standing. A cannon-shot struck Sir John, and carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving his arm hanging by the flesh. He fell from his horse on his back; his countenance did not change, neither did he betray the least sensation of pain. Captain Hardinge, who dismounted, and took him by the hand, observed him anxiously watching the 42nd, which was warmly engaged, and told him they were advancing; and upon that intelligence his countenance brightened. Colonel Graham, who now came up to assist him, seeing the composure of his features, began to hope that he was not wounded, till he saw the dreadful laceration. From the size of the wound, it was in vain to make any attempt at stopping the blood; and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs. Captain Hardinge, observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not be mortal, and said to him, he trusted he might be spared to the army, and recover. Moore turned his head, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible."

As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might see

the field of battle, and listen to the firing; and he was well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring wagon came up, bearing Colonel Wynch, who was wounded: the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed on the wagon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the wagon or the blanket was best? and the man said the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep step and carry him easy. So they proceeded with him to his quarters at Coruña, weeping as they went.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write a few sentences describing the following:—*

(1) The beginning of the battle. (2) The charge of the Highlanders. (3) The wounding of Sir John Moore. (4) His removal from the battle-field.

II. *Write an essay on The Evils of War, enlarging upon the following points:—*

(1) Folly and Injustice of War.

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.”

—Longfellow.

(2) The Desolation caused by War.

“Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honour, glory and rule above the rest),
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name and all oppress'd.”

—Sackville.

(3) Stagnation of Trade.

“In commercial states, whatever interrupts their intercourse is

a fated blow to national prosperity. . . . Thousands of the industrial poor being thrown out of employment. are plunged into wretchedness and beggary."—*Robert Hall*.

(4) Horrors of War in Ancient Times.

"Those who survived the fury of battle and the insolence of victory, were only reserved for more durable calamities."

—*Robert Hall*.

Princes and warriors, after appearing in the triumphal procession of the conqueror, were conducted to instant death.

LI. THE DIVISION OF LABOUR

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country; and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of these workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner,

the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them.

Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing these different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine, the easy

and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

—ADAM SMITH.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write an essay on The Dignity of Labour, taking the following suggested outline as your basis:—*

(1) Nature intends man to labour.

“Nature lives by labour;

Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens and rolling world

All live by action: nothing lives at rest

But death and ruin.”

—Dyer.

(2) To labour is honourable.

“Two men I honour and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man’s.”—*Carlyle*.

(3) Labour promotes enjoyment.

“None so little enjoy life and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do.”—*Joy*.

II. *Write an essay on The Division of Labour. The following outline is suggested:—*

(1) The Rise of the Division of Labour.

Picture the first men in the world, and the manner in which they came to share in their labours.

“What simple Nature yields

(And Nature does her part) are only rude

Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground;

’Tis toil makes them wealth.”

—Dyer.

(2) An Instance of this Division.

Trace the history of a sideboard from the time that it was in the shape of an oak-tree in a foreign country, particularly with relation to the various kinds of labour employed in its production.

(3) Results of Division of Labour.

"It is in consequence of the division of labour that the productions of all the different arts are multiplied."—*Adam Smith.*

LII. HAPPINESS AND GOODNESS

Another most considerable and essential ingredient of happiness is goodness, without which, as there can be no true majesty and greatness, so neither can there be any felicity or happiness. Now goodness is a generous disposition of mind to communicate and diffuse itself, by making others partakers of its happiness in such degrees as they are capable of it, and as wisdom shall direct. For he is not so happy as may be, who hath not the pleasure of making others so, and of seeing them put into an happy condition by his means, which is the highest pleasure, I had almost said pride, but I may truly say glory, of a good and great mind. For by such communications of himself, an immense and all-sufficient being doth not lessen himself, or put anything out of his power, but doth rather enlarge and magnify himself; and does, as I may say, give great ease and delight to a full and fruitful being, without the least diminution of his power and happiness. For the cause and original of all other beings can make nothing so independent upon itself as not still to maintain his interest in it, to have it always under his power and government; and no being can rebel against his maker, without extreme hazard to himself.

Perfect happiness doth imply the exercise of all other virtues, which are suitable to so perfect a being, upon all proper and fitting occasions; that is, that so perfect a being do nothing that is contrary to or unbecoming his holiness and righteousness, his truth and faithfulness, which are essential to a perfect

being; and for such a being to act contrary to them in any case, would be to create disquiet and disturbance to itself. For this is a certain rule, and never fails, that nothing can act contrary to its own nature without reluctancy and displeasure, which in moral agents is that which we call guilt; for guilt is nothing else but the trouble and disquiet which ariseth in one's mind, from the consciousness of having done something which is contrary to the perfective principles of his being, that is, something that doth not become him, and which, being what he is, he ought not to have done; which we cannot imagine ever to befall so perfect and immutable a being as God is.

Perfect happiness implies in it the settled and secure possession of all those excellences and perfections; for if any of these were liable to fail, or be diminished, so much would be taken off from perfect and complete happiness. If the Deity were subject to any change or impairment of his condition, so that either his knowledge, or power, or wisdom, or goodness, or any other perfection, could any ways decline or fall off, there would be a proportionate abatement of happiness. And from all those do result, in the last place, infinite contentment and satisfaction, pleasure and delight, which is the very essence of happiness.

Infinite contentment and satisfaction in this condition. And well may happiness be contented with itself; that is, with such a condition, that he that is possessed of it, can neither desire it should be better, nor have any cause to fear it should be worse.

—JOHN TILLOTSON.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write an essay on the following subject:—*

“Know then this truth, enough for men to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.” —*Pope*.

Outline:—(1) True Happiness.

“Happiness is no other than soundness and perfection of mind.”—*Antoninus*.

“The mind alone can obtain for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace.”—*Richter*.

(2) False Happiness.

Without virtue there can be no true happiness, neither can it be bought by wealth.

(3) Moral Influence of Happiness.

“Make the people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.”

—*Mrs. Child*.

II. *Write an essay on School Friendships.*

Outline:—(1) Their Formation.

“There may be, and often is, an attachment of one boy to another that looks very like friendship, and while they are in circumstances that enable them mutually to oblige and assist each other, promises well and bids fair to be lasting.”—*Cowper*.

(2) Their Instability.

“The man differs so much from the boy, that we no longer recognize in him our old playfellow, but find him utterly unworthy and unfit for the place he once held in our affections.”—*Cowper*.

(3) Their Value.

If, after all the changes of life, we still retain some old friends, they are the truest and most tried of all, and add greatly to our happiness in life.

LIII. KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

The night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear; but now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,

Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd. Some the style
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error leads them, by a tune entranced;
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose, ere her time,
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and Truth,
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

—COWPER.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write an essay on Walking as an Exercise, taking the following outline as a suggestion:—*

(1) Invigorating Influence of Walking.

“Walk and be happy! walk and be healthy!”—*Dickens*.

“The wandering man knows of certain ancients, far gone in years, who have staved off infirmities and dissolution by earnest walking—hale fellows close upon eighty and ninety, but brisk as boys.”—*Dickens*.

(2) Walking a pleasurable form of Exercise.

“In those vernal seasons of the year when the earth is soft and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches and partake of her rejoicings with heaven and earth.”—*Milton*.

“It is wonderful how this walking through a country of a fine summer’s day lightens the heart.”—*Dickens*.

(3) Walking compared with other forms of Exercise.

II. *Write an essay on Knowledge, taking the following outline as a suggestion:—*

(1) Benefits of Knowledge.

“We grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.”

—*Johnson*.

(2) Knowledge should not be superficial.

“He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.”—*Fuller*.

(3) Acquisition of Knowledge.

“Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application.”—*Felton*.

“The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.”

—*Cecil*.

(4) Knowledge is useless without Wisdom.

“Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,

The mere materials with which wisdom builds,

Till smooth’d and squared and fitted to its place,

Does but encumber what it seems t’enrich.”

—*Cowper*

LIV. THE MIDDLE STATION IN LIFE

The moral of the following fable will easily discover itself without my explaining it. One rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in strictest amity, with noisy haughtiness and disdain thus bespoke him:—"What, brother! still in the same state! Still low and creeping! Are you not ashamed when you behold me, who, though lately in a like condition with you, am now become a great river, and shall shortly be able to rival the Danube or the Rhine, provided those friendly rains continue which have favoured my banks, but neglected yours?" "Very true," replies the humble rivulet, "you are now, indeed, swollen to a great size; but methinks you are become withal somewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low condition and my purity."

Instead of commenting upon this fable, I shall take occasion from it to compare the different stations of life, and to persuade such of my readers as are placed in the middle station to be satisfied with it, as the most eligible of all others. These form the most numerous rank of men that can be supposed susceptible of philosophy, and therefore all discourses of morality ought principally to be addressed to them. The great are too much immersed in pleasure, and the poor too much occupied in providing for the necessities of life, to hearken to the calm voice of reason. The middle station, as it is most happy in many respects, so particularly in this, that a man placed in it can, with the greatest

leisure, consider his own happiness, and reap a new enjoyment, from comparing his situation with that of persons above or below him.

Agur's prayer is sufficiently noted—"Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die: Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain". The middle station is here justly recommended, as affording the fullest security for virtue; and I may also add, that it gives opportunity for the most ample exercise of it, and furnishes employment for every good quality which we can possibly be possessed of. Those who are placed among the lower ranks of men have little opportunity of exerting any other virtues besides those of patience, resignation, industry, and integrity. Those who are advanced into the higher stations, have full employment for their generosity, humanity, affability, and charity. When a man lies betwixt these two extremes, he can exert the former virtues towards his superiors, and the latter towards his inferiors. Every moral quality which the human soul is susceptible of may have its turn, and be called up to action; and a man may, after this manner, be much more certain of his progress in virtue, than where his good qualities lie dormant and without employment.

But there is another virtue that seems principally to lie among equals; and is, for that reason, chiefly calculated for the middle station of life. This virtue is friendship. I believe most men of generous tem-

pers are apt to envy the great, when they consider the large opportunities such persons have of doing good to their fellow-creatures, and of acquiring the friendship and esteem of men of merit. They make no advances in vain, and are not obliged to associate with those whom they have little kindness for, like people of inferior stations, who are subject to have their proffers of friendship rejected even where they would be most fond of placing their affections. But though the great have more facility in acquiring friendships, they cannot be so certain of the sincerity of them as men of lower rank, since the favours they bestow may acquire them flattery, instead of goodwill and kindness.

—DAVID HUME.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write an essay on The Advantage possessed by the Middle Class.*

Outline:—(1) The Lower Class.

“Those who are placed among the lower ranks of men have little opportunity of exerting any other virtues besides those of patience, resignation, industry, and integrity.”—*Hume*.

(2) The Upper Class.

“Those who are advanced into the higher stations, have full employment for their generosity, humanity, affability, and charity.”—*Hume*.

“If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronize the neglected.”

—*Hume*.

(3) The Middle Class.

“He can exert the former virtues towards his superiors, and the latter towards his inferiors.”—*Hume*.

II. *Write an essay on The Rise of the Middle Class.*

Outline:—(1) In the Middle Ages.

Practically there was no middle class. “Under the Planta-

genets, there were barons able to bid defiance to the sovereign and peasants degraded to the level of the swine and oxen which they tended."—*Macaulay*.

(2) Rise of the Middle Class.

Most of the barons were killed during the Wars of the Roses, the remainder were impoverished. Power of king increased by possession of artillery. King's power depended on middle class, who supplied him with money; this middle class consisted of farmers, yeomen, small land-owners, trades-people and merchants.

(3) Power of the Middle Class at the Present Day.

The government of the country is now almost in the hands of the middle class. A striking characteristic of the present government is the rise of the labouring class.

LV. THE DESOLATION OF EGYPT

Son of man, prophesy and say, Thus saith the Lord God; Howl ye, Woe worth the day!

For the day is near, even the day of the Lord is near, a cloudy day; it shall be the time of the heathen.

And the sword shall come upon Egypt, and great pain shall be in Ethiopia, when the slain shall fall in Egypt, and they shall take away her multitude, and her foundations shall be broken down.

Ethiopia, and Libya, and Lydia, and all the mingled people, and Chub, and the men of the land that is in league, shall fall with them by the sword.

Thus saith the Lord; They also that uphold Egypt shall fall; and the pride of her power shall come down: from the tower of Syene shall they fall in it by the sword, saith the Lord God.

And they shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted.

And they shall know that I am the Lord, when I have set a fire in Egypt, and when all her helpers shall be destroyed.

In that day shall messengers go forth from me in ships to make the careless Ethiopians afraid, and great pain shall come upon them, as in the day of Egypt: for, lo, it cometh.

Thus saith the Lord God; I will also make the multitude of Egypt to cease by the hand of Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon.

He and his people with him, the terrible of the nations, shall be brought to destroy the land: and they shall draw their swords against Egypt, and fill the land with the slain.

And I will make the rivers dry, and sell the land into the hand of the wicked: and I will make the land waste, and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers: I the Lord have spoken it.

Thus saith the Lord God; I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt; and I will put a fear in the land of Egypt.

And I will make Pathros desolate, and I will set fire in Zoan, and will execute judgments in No.

And I will pour my fury upon Sin, the strength of Egypt: and I will cut off the multitude of No.

And I will set fire in Egypt: Sin shall have great pain, and No shall be rent asunder, and Noph shall have distresses daily.

The young men of Aven and of Pi-beseth shall fall by the sword: and these cities shall go into captivity.

At Tehaphnehes also the day shall be darkened, when I shall break there the yokes of Egypt: and the pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, a cloud shall cover her, and her daughters shall go into captivity.

Thus will I execute judgments in Egypt: and they shall know that I am the Lord.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

Write an essay on The Relics of Ancient Egypt, taking the following suggested outline as your basis:—

(1) Vast Age of Relics.

“All things dread Time, but Time itself dreads the Pyramids.”

“The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled.

—*Horace Smith.*

(2) Their Erection.

How the ancient Egyptians without the aid of mechanical appliances of the present day erected these stupendous monuments must for ever remain a mystery to us. An Arab physician of the twelfth century writes of the stones of the Pyramids: “Their adjustment is so precise that not even a needle or a hair can be inserted between any two of them”. The height of the Sphinx is seventy feet, and yet it is carved out of the living rock, as are the colossal statues of the kings. The remains of ancient temples and palaces are of a grandeur which does not bear description.

(3) Pomp and Power of Ancient Egypt.

“What is now a silent waste of desert sand would be thronged with priests and nobles and soldiers in all the pomp and splendour with which the monuments make us familiar.”

—*Samuel Manning.*

“I shall break there the yokes of Egypt: and the pomp of her strength shall cease in her.”—*The Book of Ezekiel.*

LVI. LUXURY THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL DECLINE

Frugality of manners is the nourishment and strength of bodies politic. It is that by which they grow and subsist, until they are corrupted by luxury,—the natural cause of their decay and ruin. Of this we have examples in the Persians, Lacedæmonians, and Romans: not to mention many later governments which have sprung up, continued a while, and then perished by the same natural causes. But these are, it seems, of no use to us: and, in spite of them, we are in a fair way of becoming ourselves another useless example to future ages.

Simplicity of manners may be more easily preserved in a republic than a monarchy; but if once lost, may be sooner recovered in a monarchy, the example of a court being of great efficacy, either to reform or to corrupt a people; that alone were sufficient to discountenance the wearing of gold or silver, either in clothes or equipage, and if the same were prohibited by law, the saving of so much bullion would be the smallest benefit of such an institution; there being nothing more apt to debase the virtue and good sense of our gentry of both sexes than the trifling vanity of apparel, which we have learned from France, and which hath had such visible ill consequences on the genius of that people. Wiser nations have made it their care to shut out this folly by severe laws and penalties, and its spreading among us can forebode no good, if there be any truth in the observation of one of the ancients, that the

direct way to ruin a man is to dress him up in fine clothes.

But we are doomed to be undone. Neither the plain reason of the thing, nor the experience of past ages, nor the examples we have before our eyes, can restrain us from imitating, not to say surpassing, the most corrupt and ruined people in those very points of luxury that ruined them. Our gaming, our operas, our masquerades, are, in spite of our debts and poverty, become the wonder of our neighbours. If there be any man so void of all thought and commonsense, as not to see where this must end, let him but compare what Venice was at the league of Cambray, with what it is at present, and he will be convinced how truly those fashionable pastimes are calculated to depress and ruin a nation.

It is not to be believed, what influence public diversions have on the spirit and manners of a people. The Greeks wisely saw this, and made a very serious affair of their public sports. For the same reason, it will, perhaps, seem worthy the care of our legislature to regulate the public diversions, by an absolute prohibition of those which have a direct tendency to corrupt our morals, as well as by a reformation of the drama; which, when rightly managed, is such a noble entertainment, and gave those fine lessons of morality and good sense to the Athenians of old, and to our British gentry above a century ago; but for these last ninety years, hath entertained us, for the most part with such wretched things as spoil, instead of improving the taste and manners of the audience. Those who are attentive to such propositions only as may fill their pockets,

will probably slight these things as trifles below the care of the legislature. But I am sure, all honest, thinking men must lament to see their country run headlong into all those luxurious follies, which, it is evident, have been fatal to other nations, and will undoubtedly prove fatal to us also, if a timely stop be not put to them.

—BISHOP BERKELEY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

Write an essay on Luxury, taking the following outline as your basis:—

- (1) Luxury disorders just and equal Economy.

“One vicious man spends upon himself what should maintain many hundreds; and he surfeits to make them strive.”

—*Mackenzie*.

- (2) Luxury is Unnatural.

“Nature teaches us how to proportion the means to the end.”

—*Mackenzie*.

It is intended by Nature that we should only enjoy a certain amount of the good things of this world; he who revels in luxury enjoys more than his share, and has to suffer for it, for the false pleasures of luxury rob a man of health and ease.

- (3) Enervating Influence of Luxury.

“It is a shame that man that has the seeds
Of virtue in him, springing into glory,
Should make his soul degenerate with sin,
And slave to luxury; to yield up the weak day
To wine and banquets.”

—*Shackerley*.

- (4) Luxury the Cause of National Decline.

“There lay imperial Rome,
That vanquished all the world, by her (*Luxury*) overcome;
Fetter'd was the old Assyrian lion there;
The Grecian leopard and the Persian bear;
With others numberless, lamenting by;
Examples of the powers of luxury.”

—*May*.

LVII. ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames! for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent¹ green
The paths of pleasure trace:
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait,
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band?
Ah! tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth.
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy;
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness, laughing wild
 Amid severest Woe.

To each his sufferings; all are men
 Condemn'd alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more! Where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

—THOMAS GRAY.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

1. *Write an essay on Our Hopes for the Future.*

The following outline is suggested:—

(1) Aspirations for the Future.

Whatever the Present may have for us, we always look forward to the Future as having something better.

(2) Future depends on the Past.

“The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads.”—*Rabel*.

In other words, our future is the result of our past deeds and endeavours.

(3) Ignorance of the Future.

“Oh, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.”

—*Shakespeare*.

II. *Write an essay on The Responsibility of the Schoolmaster.*

The following outline is suggested:—

(1) As regards the Individual.

In the teacher's hands lies the instruction of the child, not only in the meagre elements of knowledge, but also in the use of his own intellectual strength. Earliest impressions are the most durable, and from the schoolmaster do most of them come.

(2) As regards the State.

"At the recent general election in this State, the votes of above three hundred thousand persons were taken. In thirty years the great majority of these will have passed away; their rights will be exercised and their duties assumed by those very children, whose minds are now open to receive their earliest and most durable impressions from the ten thousand schoolmasters of this State. What else is there in the whole of our social system of such extensive and powerful operation on the national character?"

—*Verplanck.*

(3) The Schoolmaster's Fitness to undertake this Responsibility.

He must himself possess the virtues which he strives to inculcate in his pupils. He must learn to reverence himself and his profession.

NOTE.—¹ *margent* = margin, of which it is an altered form; therefore = bank or edge.

LVIII. EXILE

Let us consider what evil there is in change of place, abstractedly and by itself.

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it, then, to pass that such numbers of men live out of their country by choice? Observe how the streets of London and Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them, one by one, of what country they are; how many will you find, who, from different parts of the earth, come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the large opportunities, and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence, to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or the West: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North: you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have some people who come from abroad to inhabit there by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which have passed through the minds of men, may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Varro, the most learned of the Romans, thought, since nature is the same wherever we go, that this

single circumstance was sufficient to remove all objections to change of place, taken by itself, and stripped of the other inconveniences which attend exile. M. Brutus thought it enough that those, who go into banishment, cannot be hindered from carrying their virtue along with them. Now, if anyone judge that each of these comforts is in itself insufficient, he must however confess that both of them, joined together, are able to remove the terrors of exile. For what trifles must all we leave behind us be esteemed, in comparison of the two most precious things which men can enjoy, and which, we are sure, will follow us wherever we turn our steps, the same nature and our proper virtue.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the force of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same general principles, but

varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up in heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

—BOLINGBROKE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

1. *Write an essay on Expatriation.*

The following outline is suggested:—

(1) In Ancient and Medieval Times.

Banishment was considered a worse punishment than death; it meant not only farewell to rank, wealth, friends, and amusement, but also to the benefits of civilization.

(2) At the Present Time.

Exile is no longer a punishment, it is undertaken voluntarily. The facilities of travel and the almost universal comforts of modern life lessen its evils. To those sturdy pioneers who have left their native land to undergo hardship and peril in all parts of the globe, do we owe the prosperity of our world-wide empire.

(3) Reflections on Exile.

Every man who leaves his native country must feel the bitterness of bidding farewell; yet, once settled in his new home, he becomes attached to it and forms new connections which speedily reconcile him.

II. *Write an essay on Canada as a Field for Emigration.*

The following outline is suggested:—

(1) Suitability of the Country.

Canada is but sparsely populated, while vast tracts of land lie fallow. The soil is easily cultivated, and in many parts of the country bears two crops each year.

(2) Facilities for Emigration.

Especially low rates of travel are allowed to genuine settlers. Free grants of 160 acres of land are made by the government to intending farmers.

(3) Class of Emigrant desired.

Strong, sturdy labourers with experience in farming are the most desirable, but there is no lack of work for all who are willing to use their hands; clerks and professional men are not needed.

LIX. BEOWULF AND THE DRAGON

Then did the flaming foe, curved like an arch, advance upon him with headlong shuffle. The shield effectually protected life and limb a less while for the glorious chieftain than his sanguine hope expected, supposing he, that time, early in the morning, was to achieve glory in the strife;—so Wyrð not ordained it. Up swung he his hand, the Gothic captain, he smote the spotted horror with the mighty heirloom, that its brown edge turned upon the bony crust; less effectually bit than was required by the king's need, who was sorely pressed. Then was the keeper of the barrow¹ after that shrewd assault furious with rage, cast forth devouring fire, the deadly sparks sprang every way: the gold-friend of the Goths plumed him not on strokes of vantage; the war-bill² had failed him with its bared edge on the foe, as it had not been expected to do, metal of old renown. That was no light experience, inducing the mighty son of Ecgtheow to relinquish that emprise³; he must consent to inhabit a dwelling elsewhere;—so must every man resign allotted days.

Then was it not long until the combatants closed again. The hoard-warrior rallied his courage, out of his breast shot steam, as beginning again;—direly suffering, encompassed with fire, was he who erewhile had ruled men. Not (alas!) in a band did his life-guardsmen, sons of ethelings⁴, stand about him with war-custom of comrades; no, to the wood they slunk, to shelter life. In one only of them did his soul surge in a tumult of grief;—kindred may never

be diverted from duty, for the man who is rightly minded.

Wiglaf was his name, Weohstan's son, a beloved warrior, a chief of the Scyflings, a kinsman of Ælfhere. . . . He sped through the deadly reek, he came with helm on head to his lord's assistance; few words spake he: "My liege Beowulf, now make good all that which thou once saidst in time of youth, that thou never by thy life-time wouldest let thy glory decline; now must thou, glorious in deeds, etheling impetuous, with all thy might defend life; I shall support thee to the utmost".

After these words were spoken, the Worm⁵ came on in fury, the fell malignant monster came on for the second time, with fire-jets flashing, to engage his enemies, hated men; with the waves of flames the shield was consumed all up to the boss; the mail-coat could not render assistance to the young warrior; but the young stripling valorously went forward under his kinsman's shield when his own was reduced to ashes by the gleeds. Then once more the warlike king remembered glory, remembered his forceful strength, so smote with battle-bill that it stood in the monster's head desperately impelled. Nægling flew in splinters, Beowulf's sword betrayed him in battle, though old and monumental grey. To him was it not granted, the edges of iron should help him in fight; too strong was the hand of the man who with his stroke overtaxed (as I have heard say) all swords whatsoever; so that when he carried to conflict a weapon preternaturally hard, he was none the better for it.

Then for the third time was the monstrous ravager, the infuriated fire-drake, roused to vengeance; he

rushed on the heroic man, as he had yielded ground, fiery and destructive, his entire neck he enclosed with lacerating teeth; he was bloodied with the vital stream; gore surged forth in waves.

Then I heard tell how, in the glorious king's extremity, the young noble put forth exemplary prowess of force and daring, as was his nature to; he regarded not that formidable head, but the valiant man's hand was scorched, while he helped his kinsman, insomuch that he smote the fell creature a little lower down, the man-at-arms did, with such effect that the sword penetrated, the chased and gilded sword, yea with such effect that the fire began to subside from that moment.

Then once more the beloved king recovered his senses, drew the war-knife, biting and battle-sharp, which he wore on his mail-coat; the crownèd head of the Storm-folk gashed the Worm in the middle. They had quelled the foe, death-daring prowess had executed revenge, and they two together, cousin ethelings, had destroyed him.

—*From Earle's Translation of "Beowulf". (By permission of the Clarendon Press Delegates.)*

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

1. *Write an essay on Old English Legends*, taking the following outline as your basis:—

(1) What Legends are.

They consist of the doughty deeds of many heroes, usually ascribed to one man. Besides combats between mighty warriors or great nations, mythical adventures are also described.

(2) Historical Value.

Little faith can be placed in their veracity, except in so far as regards the description of life among the people. All details of speech, ceremony, and adventure are quite accurate.

(3) Literary Value.

They are our national epics, the oldest heroic literature of our country, dignified and majestic monuments of a bygone age.

(4) Educational Value.

They present examples of brotherly love and loyalty, of great purposes, of lofty souls, and of the brave deeds of that chivalry which is regrettably disappearing from the modern world.

II. *Write an essay on Friendship*, making a basis of the following outline:—

(1) What is True Friendship?

"Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other."—*Addison*.

(2) Choice of Friends.

"True happiness
Consists not in a multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice." —*Ben Jonson*.

(3) Advantage of Friendship.

"Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief."—*Cicero*.

NOTES.—¹ *barrow* = mountain or hill. The word is still used in the west of England as Brockbarrow Downs, Hensbarrow Downs is in Cornwall. ² *war-bill* = a weapon of war, a broadsword, a falchion. ³ *emprise* = undertaking. ⁴ *ethelings* = nobles. ⁵ *Worm* = dragon, the keeper of the 'hoard' or buried treasure. The hoard had been robbed of part of its treasure, and the dragon, enraged, wasted the land of Beowulf.

LX. EDUCATION

Not long after our sitting down, I have strange news brought me, saith Mr. Secretary, this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating. Whereupon Mr. Secretary took occasion to wish, that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is. Who many times punish rather the weakness of nature than the fault of the scholar. Whereby many scholars that might else prove well be driven to hate learning, before they know what learning meaneth; and so are made willing to forsake their book, and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

Mr. Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly, that the rod only was the sword that must keep the school in obedience, and the scholar in good order. Mr. Wotton, a man of mild nature, with soft voice, and few words, inclined to Mr. Secretary's judgment, and said, in mine opinion the school-house should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage; and as I do remember, so saith Socrates in one place of Plato. And therefore, if a rod carry the fear of a sword it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature choose rather to forsake the play, than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond man's handling. Mr. Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing, both with shrewd touches of many boys, and with the small discretion of many schoolmasters. Mr. Haddon was fully of Mr.

Peter's opinion, and said that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater, and named the person. Though, quoth I, it was his good fortune to send from his school unto the University one of the best scholars indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar, than by the great beating of the master; and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness. I said somewhat farther in the matter, how and why young children were sooner allured by love than driven by beating to attain good learning; wherein I was bolder to say my mind, because Mr. Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto; or else, in such a company, and namely in his presence, my wont is to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue.

We had then further talk together of bringing up children: of the nature of quick and hard wits: of the right choice of a good wit: of fear and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely, gentlemen: we talked of their too much liberty, to live as they lust: of their letting loose too soon, to overcome experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many old commonwealths of the Persians and Greeks: of wit gathered, and good fortune gotten by some, only by experience without learning. And lastly, he required of me very earnestly to show what I thought of the common going of Englishmen into Italy. But, saith he, because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore I pray you, at my request, and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk, concerning

the right order of teaching and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of the children and young men; and surely, beside contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others. I made some excuse by lack of ability, and weakness of body. Well, saith he, I am not now to learn what you can do; our dear friend, good Mr. Goodricke, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say, not long ago, that you may thank Sir John Cheke for all the learning you have: and I know very well myself that you did teach the Queen. And, therefore, seeing God did so bless you to make you the scholar of the best master, and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar, that ever were in our time, surely you should please God, benefit your country, and honour your own name, if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of such a master, and how ye taught such a scholar. And in uttering the stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall never lack neither matter nor manner what to write, nor how to write in this kind of argument.

—ROGER ASCHAM.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write an essay on The Use of Corporal Punishment in Schools.* The following outline is suggested:—

(1) The Brutalizing Effect of Excessive Corporal Punishment.

The indiscriminate use of the birch in vogue less than half a century ago had an evil effect on the scholars. The brutal deeds of school-boys, of which we have read in *Tom Brown's School Days*, are unknown at the present day.

(2) Salutary Effect of Reasonable Chastisement.

Though corporal punishment is harmful in the case of dulness

of intellect, habitual restlessness, idleness, and lack of attention, yet it must be resorted to in the case of moral faults, such as deliberate lying or stealing. The young must be taught respect for authority.

(3) Judicious Care in the Use of the Cane.

"The first thing ought to be to ascertain if the evil proceed from constitution, from education, or from hereditary causes. In this latter case, all chastisement, far from correcting, will only aggravate the evil."

—*Dr. Forbes Winslow.*

II. *Write an essay on The Benefits of Compulsory Education.*

The following outline is suggested:—

(1) Evil Effects of Neglect of Education.

"When education has been entirely neglected, we see the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway."

—*Parr.*

(2) Effect of Compulsory Education on the Rising Generation.

"I think we may safely assert, that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received."

—*Locke.*

(3) National Benefit of Compulsory Education.

"Oh for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey."

—*Wordsworth.*

NOTE.—¹ *lust*=choose.

LXI. AMBITION

Cromwell. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wolsey. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell.
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

—SHAKESPEARE.

EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION

I. *Write an essay on Ambition.*

The following outline is suggested:—

(1) True Ambition is ennobling.

“The true ambition there alone resides
Where justice vindicates and wisdom guides;
Where public blessings, public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end.” —*Young*.

(2) Ambition must be controlled.

“Ambition is the dropsy of the soul,
Whose thirst we must not yield to, but control.”

—*Sedley*.

Uncontrolled ambition leads to selfishness, discontent, envy, and hate.

(3) Danger of Ambition.

“The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.” —*Penn*.

II. *Write an essay on Our Duty in Life.*

The following outline is suggested:—

(1) What is our Duty?

“No man has a right to say he can do nothing for the benefit of mankind, who are less benefited by ambitious projects than by the sober fulfilment of each man's proper duties.” —*Thompson*.

“Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.” —*Shakespeare*.

(2) Duty calls for Self-sacrifice.

"One good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for the sake of conscience, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits."—*Paley*.

(3) Reward for the Performance of Duty.

"The secret consciousness
Of duty well perform'd; the public voice
Of praise that honours virtue, and rewards it;
All these are yours." —*Francis*.

GENERAL SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS

1. Thrift.
2. The Decay of Chivalry.
3. The Emancipation of Slaves.
4. Kindness to Animals.
5. The Value of Time.
6. Knowledge.
7. Choice of Friends.
8. Discoveries of the Twentieth Century.
9. Volcanoes and Earthquakes.
10. The Use of Lighthouses.
11. A Medieval Castle.
12. The Blessings of Peace.
13. Trees and their Uses.
14. The Value of Books.
15. Public Parks and Gardens.
16. Competition in Trade.
17. The Value of Good Manners.
18. The Decay of Agriculture in England.
19. Our Hospitals.
20. Patriotism.
21. Modern Newspapers.
22. The Effect of Climate on Character.
23. The Indian Mutiny.
24. Examinations.
25. A Picture Gallery.
26. Means of Communication in England.
27. The Post-Office.
28. The Traffic of London.
29. Occupations for Women.
30. Importance of Ventilation.
31. Our Navy.
32. "Nothing succeeds like Success."
33. Your Favourite Hero or Heroine.
34. Loss of Friends.
35. Wireless Telegraphy.
36. Colonial Expansion.
37. The Use and Misuse of Holidays.
38. The Power of Eloquence.
39. The Danger arising from the Excessive Number of Foreign Seamen in British Ships.
40. The Possibility of a Foreign Invasion of Britain.
41. The Advantages of Travel in Foreign Countries.
42. The Attributes of Genius.
43. The Punishment of Crime.
44. The Use of our Volunteers.
45. Benefits derived from Athletics.
46. The Power of Civilization.
47. International Jealousy.
48. An English Sunday.
49. Advantages and Disadvantages of Conscription.
50. The Benefits of Sleep.
51. The Power of Money in Modern Life.

52. Any Recent Event of General Interest.
53. The Reasons which lead Nations to make War upon each other.
54. The Advantages and Disadvantages of Conformity to Fashion in Dress.
55. The Considerations by which You would be Guided in the Choice of a Profession or Business.
56. The Peculiarities in Character and Customs of the People in any District of the Country with which you are familiar.
57. The Importance of the Tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales round the Indian Empire.
58. The Advantages of Gardening as a Hobby.
59. The Difference in Character between Townspeople and Country People.
60. The Advantages and Dangers of Professionalism in Athletics.
61. The Use and Abuse of Advertisements.
62. "Great Offices will have (*i.e.* need) Great Talents."
—*Cowper*.
63. A Winter Landscape.
64. Comparison of Town and Country Life (which you would prefer, and why?).
65. Free Libraries: their Use and Abuse.
66. Advantages and Disadvantages of the Distribution of the Agricultural Land of a Country among Small Freeholders.
67. The Advantage of having a Hobby.
68. The Growth of the Franchise in the United Kingdom.
69. International Arbitration.
70. Dress as an Indication of Character.
71. The Passing of an Act of Parliament.
72. The Influence of Physical Surroundings on National Character.
73. Winter Pastimes of Canada.
74. Instinct in Animals.
75. Influence of Fiction.
76. Your Favourite Flowers and their Cultivation.
77. The Moral Lesson of the Microscope and Telescope.
78. Compare the Advantages and Disadvantages of Walking and Cycling as a means of making a Holiday Tour.
79. Truthfulness in Act and in Word.
80. The Payment of Members of Parliament.
81. Vivisection.
82. The Pleasures of Home.
83. The Beauties of Nature.
84. The Troubles of Life.
85. The Hope of Progress in the Future.
86. Agricultural Distress in England.
87. The Power of Music.
88. A Railway Terminus.
89. Arctic Exploration.
90. Rivers as Agents of Civilization.

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 91. Modern Newspaper Enterprise. 92. The Right Use of One's Leisure Time. 93. Civilizing Influence of Commerce. 94. The Employment of Children in Factories. 95. The Relations between Nature and Art. 96. Your Favourite Book, and | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> your Reasons for declaring it to be so. 97. The Probable Results of a European War. 98. The Advantages and Disadvantages of a Channel Tunnel. 99. The Activity of Women at the Present Day. 100. The Benefits of the Growth of Friendship between Britain and France. |
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EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Value of School Museums. 2. The Educational Value of Fairy Tales. 3. What can be gained by the Study of Geography? 4. The Educational Value of Exhibitions illustrating Nature-Study. 5. School Libraries. 6. What can be done by the Elementary Schools to Remedy any Degeneration in the National Physique. 7. The Parent's Influence on the Child. 8. The Refining Influence on the Nation of Universal Education. 9. The Uses of our Evening Continuation Schools. 10. Should Music be included in the Curriculum? | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 11. Influence of Pictorial Art upon the Child. 12. The Duties of the Schoolmaster. 13. The Benefits derived from learning Recitation. 14. The Effect of School Discipline on the After-life of the Child. 15. The Physical and Moral Advantages of Drill. 16. The Relative Values of Manual and Intellectual Training. 17. The Stage as an Educational Institution. 18. A Pupil-Teacher's Library. 19. The Object of Teaching History in Schools. 20. Should the Children of Poor Parents be Fed by the State? |
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VOCABULARY OF TERMS

Allegory.—A description of one thing under the image of another. The representation of abstract ideas by material facts. The Parables of the New Testament are all allegories.

Composition.—The art of putting words together, artistically, to make sense.

Emphasis.—A mode of expression which makes the meaning clearer or weightier.

Figure of Speech.—A deviation from the ordinary mode of expression, in which words are changed from their ordinary signification or usage.

Metaphor.—A transference of meaning; the putting of one thing for another which it only resembles, as when words are said to be "bitter". The word "like" must not appear in a metaphor.

Paraphrase.—A saying of the same thing in other words, often more clearly and more fully.

Rhythm.—The pleasant flow of a sentence, produced by the varying length of words and by their correct position in a sentence.

Simile.—A comparison to illustrate anything. For example: "The canoe floated like a water-lily".

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Charles Dickens (p. 9) was born in Hampshire in 1812. Owing to the poverty of his father, he was compelled to earn his own living at a very early age. After filling several lowly positions, he was appointed parliamentary reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*. In the *Monthly Magazine* and in the evening issue of that journal appeared his *Sketches by Boz* (1836). His next work, the *Pickwick Papers*, at once raised him to the front rank of English authors. Dickens now rapidly produced book after book. Among these are *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *David Copperfield*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *Bleak House*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and his *Christmas Tales*. His books have probably caused more innocent laughter than those of any other English writer. He died in 1870.

Sir Walter Scott (pp. 13, 159) was born in 1771. He was educated at Edinburgh High School, and later at the University. He was called to the Bar in 1792. He explored the country collecting ballads, and in 1799 was made sheriff-depute of Selkirk. He published the *Border Minstrelsy* in three volumes, 1802-03, and from that time devoted himself to literature. Between 1805 and 1815 he produced *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, *The Lord of the Isles*, *Triermain*, and *Harold the Dauntless*. Then it was that Scott put aside verse-making and began to write novels. These are known collectively as the Waverley Novels, and are among the world's finest romances. Besides the Waverley Novels, among his numerous prose works are *Critical and Biographical Sketches*, intended as prefaces to Ballantyne's Novelists' Library; *Lives of Dryden and Swift*, and complete editions of their works; Histories of Scotland and France, under title *The Tales of a Grandfather*; *Essays on Chivalry and the Drama*; a *Life of Napoleon*; and numerous other works. Scott is one of the greatest of English novelists, and takes also a high place as a poet. His

tremendous industry may be understood when it is remembered that his works have been published in ninety-eight volumes.

James Henry Leigh Hunt (p. 16) was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, in 1784. He was educated at Christ's Hospital School, and showed early a love of literature. He became critic to the short-lived *News*, and his theatrical criticisms attracted attention by their originality. After spending some time in a lawyer's (his brother's) office and at the War Office, he gave himself up to a literary life. He became joint-proprietor and editor of *The Examiner*, a London newspaper, and produced works in prose and verse, such as his *Essays*, his *Autobiography*, *Stories from the Italian Poets*, and *A Legend of Florence*. He died in 1859. His poems have a pleasing lightness and freshness. His essays are simple and graceful, and contain much delicate humour.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (p. 19) was born in the United States of America in 1807. After spending some time travelling in Europe, he was appointed professor of literature at Bowdoin College, Harvard University. In 1854 he retired to the undisturbed enjoyment of literary leisure. He died in 1882. His chief poems are *Voices of the Night*, *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, *Golden Legend*, *Miles Standish*, and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Longfellow's work is remarkable for its grace and simplicity.

Oliver Goldsmith (p. 23) was born in Ireland in 1728. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1749, and at Edinburgh University, where he studied medicine. It was intended that he should be a doctor, but, failing to qualify, he set off on foot through Europe, maintaining himself by playing the flute. In 1756 he returned to England and began to devote himself to literature. In 1760 began to appear in the *Public Ledger* his "Chinese Letters", published in 1762 as the *Citizen of the World*. In 1764 *The Traveller* gave him fame, which was increased by the *Vicar of Wakefield* in 1766. His *Deserted Village* was published in 1770, and *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1773. He died in 1774. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* brought idyllic grace and natural pathos into the novel of real life. He is equally distinguished as a poet and prose writer.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (p. 26) was born at Rothley Temple in 1800. He was educated at Cambridge, and began to

contribute articles to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1823. His "Essay on Milton" first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and at once gave reputation to its writer. In 1834 he went to India, with a seat in the Supreme Council. Whilst in that country he wrote his essay on Bacon. Returning to England, he published his *Lays of Ancient Rome* in 1842, and between 1848 and 1859 his *History of England*. He was created a peer in 1857, and died in 1859. Macaulay is one of our most popular historians and prose writers.

Joseph Addison (p. 30) was born in Wiltshire in 1672. He was educated at Charterhouse and Oxford. In 1708 he entered parliament, and his public career was so fortunate that in 1717 he was appointed Secretary of State. When his friend Steele started the *Tatler* (1709 to 1711) and the *Spectator* (1711-12) Addison aided him with copious literary contributions. When the *Spectator* is spoken of, it is usually as Addison's work. He died in 1719. As a poet, Addison won for himself a place among his contemporaries, but it is as an essayist that he stands eminent among the most illustrious of English authors.

William Wordsworth (p. 33) was born at Cockermouth in 1770. He was educated at Cambridge, and then travelled in France, where he witnessed some of the scenes of the French Revolution. In 1793 he returned to England, and in 1799 settled down in the Lake district with Coleridge and Southey. He died in 1850. Wordsworth is considered one of the great English poets. His chief poems are *The Excursion*, *Lyrical Ballads*, *The White Doe of Rylstone*, *Peter Bell the Waggoner*, the *Prelude*, and some of the finest sonnets in the language.

Plutarch (p. 36) was a native of Cheronæa, in Bœotia, and was a youth at the time of the Roman emperor Nero. His *Lives* form his most important work. His aim is to exhibit character and thence to deduce moral lessons. He is the only writer of antiquity who has established a lasting reputation in the department of biography.

Washington Irving (p. 40), born in 1783, is one of the chief American prose writers of the nineteenth century. After studying the law for a short period, his health broke down, and he was compelled to seek a change of scene and climate. He spent two years travelling, and on returning home resumed his legal studies, and was called to the Bar. His *Sketch Book*, published in England in 1820, showed him a writer of elegant taste and

feeling. Among his works are *Bracebridge Hall*, *Life of Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, *The Alhambra*, *Salmagundi*, and a *Life of Washington*. He died in 1859.

William Prescott (p. 45) was born in the United States in 1796. He was educated at Harvard, where he lost the sight of one eye by an accident. The sight of the other failed him at times, so that his studies were pursued under great difficulties. He made himself master of a vast amount of information, by having works read to him. He died in 1859. His chief works are *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Conquest of Peru*, *The History of Philip the Second*, *Life of Charles Fifth after his Abdication*, and the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic*. As a historian, Prescott reaches a high rank; he not only teaches facts, but arouses the keen interest of his readers.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (pp. 49, 79, 174) was born in Sussex in 1792. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he was expelled from the latter for having published an atheistic tract. Owing to ill-health, most of his life was spent abroad. He resided principally in Rome, where most of his finest productions were composed. He was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia at the age of thirty. His chief poems are *Queen Mab*; *Alastor*; *The Revolt of Islam*; *Prometheus Unbound*; a classic drama, *The Cenci*; a tragedy, *Adonais*; an elegy on the death of Keats; and his odes to *The Cloud* and to *The Skylark*. Shelley displays, in his poems, a luxuriant richness of imagination, and a command over all the resources of poetical form, perhaps unsurpassed by any other English poet.

William Shakespeare (pp. 50, 108, 235) was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon. Married at the age of eighteen, he left his wife four years later to join a company of actors in London. As an actor, he must have acquired his superb knowledge of stage effect. He was very prosperous in his career, and amassed sufficient wealth to retire in 1611 to Stratford, where he died five years later. Of his thirty-seven plays, the most frequently acted are *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. He also wrote two long poetic pieces and a collection of beautiful sonnets, though not in perfect sonnet form. Shakespeare is the greatest of all dramatists and the greatest of all poets.

Thomas de Quincey (p. 52) was born in 1785. After being educated at Oxford, he settled down at Grasmere, but during the latter part of his life resided in Glasgow and Edinburgh. His best-known work is the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. Of his historical narratives, the finest is his *Flight of the Kalmuck Tartars*. De Quincey is a great master of English. The exquisite finish of his style with the soundness of his philosophy form a combination which centuries may never reproduce.

Sir Thomas More (p. 56) was born in London in 1478. He spent some time in the household of Archbishop Morton, by whose advice he was sent to Oxford. After a connection with New Inn and Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar and appointed Reader. He entered public life at the age of twenty-six. In 1516 he was made a privy-councillor by Henry VIII, and in 1521 he was knighted and made sub-treasurer to the king. On the downfall of Wolsey, More was made Chancellor (1529). He opposed the king's relaxation of the heresy laws, and resigned the chancellorship. He was tried for high treason and beheaded in 1535. His chief work is the *Utopia*, which consists of a description of an ideal commonwealth, and remains one of the few monuments of good prose of the sixteenth century.

Jeremy Taylor (p. 60) was born in Cambridge in 1613. He was educated at Gonville and Caius College, and took holy orders at an unusually early age. During the Civil War he stood high in the favour of the court. After undergoing many hardships during the Commonwealth period, he became Bishop of Down and Connor on the Restoration. He died in 1667. His works are chiefly of a religious character, and are magnificent specimens of prose. He was by far the greatest theological writer of the Anglican Church of his period.

John Milton (p. 64) was born in London in 1608. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Christ College, Cambridge, and in 1649 was appointed Latin secretary to Cromwell. Three years later he became totally blind. On the Restoration, he was forced to go into hiding; but later, was able to live in close retirement, busily occupied in the composition of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. He died in 1674. His chief works are the poems *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*. Among his prose works are a *History of England to the Norman Conquest*, *Eikonoklastes*,

the *Two Defences of the People of England*, and the *Areopagitica*. Milton, considering both his poetry and his prose writings, is to be regarded as the greatest English writer of the seventeenth century. Among English poets he ranks next to Shakespeare.

Charlotte Brontë (p. 67) was born in Yorkshire in 1816. Her mother died in 1822. She and her sisters tried to earn a livelihood by teaching. They were not very successful. To qualify themselves to take over a school from a friend they went to Belgium to study foreign languages, and to this experience we owe *The Professor* and *Villette*. *Jane Eyre*, which was published in 1847, became immediately popular; but Charlotte's life was saddened by the death of her clever sisters, Emily and Anne, and of an only brother, who had always been a cause of anxiety to the sisters. She died in 1855. Besides *Jane Eyre*, she produced *Shirley*, *Villette*, and *The Professor*. She is one of our chief women writers; her work is distinguished by its force and originality, and by power in the delineation of character.

Jonathan Swift (p. 72) was born in Dublin in 1667. He became secretary to Sir William Temple, and whilst in his service took holy orders. Received the small Prebend of Kilroot in Ireland, but returned to Temple in 1696. Wrote *The Battle of the Books*, which was published in 1704, and his satire *The Tale of a Tub*. On the death of his patron he entered public life under the Whig banner, writing powerful political pamphlets. In 1710 he abandoned the Whig and joined the Tory party, his political tracts bringing him court favour and literary fame. On the fall of the Tory party at the accession of George I, he retired to the Deanery of St. Patrick, an embittered man. He died in 1745, hopelessly insane. His best-known works are *The Conduct of the Allies*, *The Drapier Letters*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Tale of a Tub*, and *The Battle of the Books*. Besides being the most powerful and original writer of his time, Swift will ever be regarded as one of the greatest masters of English prose.

Plato (p. 75), the Athenian philosopher, was born in 427 B.C. Throughout his early manhood he was the devoted friend of Socrates. Later he founded the first great philosophic school, over which he presided until his death. His writings are strongly influenced by the philosophy of Socrates, whose greatest follower he was. His chief works are the *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*, and the *Republic*; they are nearly all cast in the form of imaginary dialogue and are of profound importance, portray-

ing, as they do, the highest intellectual life of Greece in the time of Plato.

John Keats (p. 78) was born in London in 1795, and apprenticed to a surgeon when fifteen years of age. Having a tendency to consumption, he went, for the recovery of his health, to Rome, where he died in 1821. His chief poems are *Endymion*, *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes*. Keats is one of the greatest of our early nineteenth-century poets. His work is remarkable for its wonderful profusion of figurative language, often carried to extravagance. He seems to have been entirely uninfluenced by the revolutionary movements of the time, differing in this respect from other poets of the period. His best poems are those in which the scenery and persons are mythological.

Thomas Hood (p. 79) was born in London in 1799. His early years were spent in the office of a City merchant. Later he became assistant sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, to which he continued to contribute till 1823. In 1829 he became editor of the *Gem*. In 1835 pecuniary difficulties forced him to retire to the Continent with a view to economy. On his return to London in 1840 he began to write for the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he became editor in 1841. He began the publication of *Hood's Magazine* in 1844, and to this he contributed the best of its contents. He died in 1845. His best-known poems are *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Eugene Aram*, and *The Song of the Shirt*. Hood stands high among poets of the second order. His poems show great knowledge of human life and character, and a combination of the serious and the whimsical or comic not to be met with in any other English writer.

William Makepeace Thackeray (p. 82) was born in Calcutta in 1811, and educated at Charterhouse and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He began his literary career as Paris correspondent for the *Constitutional*. He wrote for the *Times*, and contributed articles to *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch*. In 1847-48 appeared *Vanity Fair*, which at once raised its author to a place in the first rank of great writers of English fiction. In 1860 Thackeray became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He died in 1863. His chief works are his novels *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, &c., and his lectures on *The Four Georges* and *The English Humourists*. Thackeray helped to raise the novel into the position of one of the greatest influences that bear on human life.

George Cavendish (p. 86) was gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey, chancellor of Henry VIII. His chief work, *The Life of Wolsey*, written in 1557, first published 1815, is one of the earliest memoirs in English history, and far exceeds most memoirs in interest and importance.

Charles Lamb (p. 90) was born in London in 1775, and was educated at Christ's Hospital. During most of his life he was a clerk in the India House, and whilst in this position he produced some of his greatest compositions. He died in 1834. His chief works are the *Essays of Elia*, which appeared at various times in the *London Magazine*. Lamb has won for himself a place in the first rank of English essayists. His works are remarkable for the humour, penetration, and vivacity which they display.

Robert Southey (pp. 93, 194) was born in Bristol in 1774. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford. After visiting his uncle in Lisbon, and spending some time in the Peninsula, he settled down in the Lake district and began a life of patient literary toil. In 1813 he was appointed poet-laureate, and died an imbecile in 1843. His chief poems are *Thalaba*; *Madoc*; *The Curse of Kehama*; and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*. His chief prose works are a *Life of Nelson* and a *History of the Peninsular War*. Southey's prose works are valuable for their learning and for the perfection of their style.

Michel de Montaigne (p. 100) was born in Perigord in 1533. He belonged to a family of rich Bordeaux merchants, and was the grandson of the captain of a privateer who became the owner of a village. After some time spent at court he retired to his castle to give himself up to literature. He died in 1592. His chief works are his *Essays*, which contain much sound practical philosophy. Montaigne is one of the world's leading essayists.

Thomas Carlyle (p. 105) was born in Dumfriesshire in 1795. After being educated at Edinburgh University, and spending some time as a schoolmaster, he began to contribute articles to *Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. In 1826 he married, and some years later came to reside in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he died in 1881. Carlyle is one of the most distinguished of modern authors. His chief works are a *Life of Schiller*, *Sartor Resartus*, *History of the French Revolution*, *History of Frederick the Great*, and *Heroes and Hero-worship*.

Robert Louis Stevenson (p. 112) was born in Edinburgh in 1850, and educated at Edinburgh University. He was intended

for the engineering profession, but gave it up in order to study law. He was called to the bar, but never practised. His health failed him, and he devoted himself to literature and travelling. A great part of his life he dwelt in Samoa, where he died in 1894. His chief works are his essays, *Virginibus Puerisque*, and his works of fiction *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Catriona*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, &c., and *New Arabian Nights*. Stevenson is especially noted for his works of fiction, which are striking in their originality and the brightness of their style.

Miss Mary Mitford (1786-1855) (p. 115) has described English village life and scenery with charm and delicacy. *Our Village*, her chief work, is one of the most delightful books in the English language; it faithfully depicts the home-scenes which form the peculiarity of the social life of the country.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (p. 119) was born at Frankfort-on-Main in 1749. He was educated at Leipzig and Strasburg, and began to write at an early age. After some years spent as an advocate in Frankfort he accepted the invitation of the Prince of Weimar to visit Weimar, which henceforward became his home; he only left it to undertake a journey through Italy, which he has fully described in his diary. He died in 1832. His chief works are *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *The Italian Journey*, *Egmont*, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, *Iphigenia*, and his *Autobiography*. He also wrote a large quantity of smaller poems. Goethe is one of the great poets and prose writers of the world.

Henry Hallam (p. 123) was born in Bristol in 1777. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was among the first contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. He died in 1859. His chief works are a *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, *The Constitutional History of England*, and *An Introduction to the Literature of Europe*. Hallam is remarkable for the extent of his knowledge and the impartiality of his mind.

Lord George Gordon Byron (pp. 128, 191) was born in London in 1788. He was educated at Dulwich, Harrow, and Cambridge, and spent most of his life travelling about the Continent. In 1823 he went to Greece to aid the Greeks in a vain struggle for independence, but he caught fever and died at Missolonghi in 1824. His chief poems are *Childe Harold*, *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Don Juan*. Byron is one of the great English poets: his works are notable for their intense realism.

Francis Bacon (p. 131) was born in London in 1561. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered parliament in 1584. He became solicitor-general in 1607, and attorney-general in 1613. In 1618 he was made lord chancellor, with the title of Lord Verulam. In 1621 he was found guilty of accepting bribes, and condemned to loss of office, to fine, and to imprisonment. He died in 1626. His chief works are his *Essays*, his *Advancement of Learning*, *Wisdom of the Ancients*, and his *Great Restoration of Philosophy*. Bacon is a celebrated philosopher, and one of the earliest and greatest of English prose writers.

Sir Thomas Malory (p. 134) wrote a connected prose recital of the chief Arthurian romances in the ninth year of Edward IV (1470). It was first printed by Caxton in 1485. Caxton describes it as "The noble and joyous Book entitled LE MORTE DARTHUR". *Le Morte Arthur* had a great influence on the English prose of the sixteenth century.

"**George Eliot**" (p. 139) was the name assumed by Mary Ann Evans, a great English novelist. She was born in Warwickshire in 1819, and was educated at Coventry. After residing in Geneva for two years, she settled in London, becoming assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. Her *Scenes of Clerical Life* began to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1856. They were followed by *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*. She died in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in 1880.

Robert Herrick (p. 143) was born in London in 1591. He took holy orders at Cambridge, and was appointed to a living near Ashburton, from which he was ejected in 1647. He betook himself to London, where he made a living by writing delightful lyrics and epigrams. His poems were published in 1648 under the name of *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*. He died in 1674. Herrick is one of the chief of our lyric poets.

Daniel Defoe (p. 147) was born in London in 1661. He was brought up as a tradesman, but began writing political pamphlets at the age of nineteen. In 1706 he was actively employed in Scotland as a promoter of the Union of that country with England. During his later years he wrote fiction. In this direction his chief works were *Robinson Crusoe*, *a Journal of the Plague*, *Colonel Jacque*, *Roxana*, and *Moll Flanders*. He died in 1731. Defoe's stories were entirely different from all others existing at the period. They were simple and graphic records

of adventure, and have delighted England from their first appearance.

John Ruskin (p. 151) was born in London in 1819. His father was a wealthy wine merchant, who had taste enough to patronize the arts. While still a schoolboy, John Ruskin began to write verses and art criticisms. He was educated at Oxford, where, later, he held the appointment of Slade professor. The first volume of his great work, *Modern Painters*, was published when he was only twenty-four years old; the central idea of this book is the defence of the artist Turner: the fifth and last volume was not completed until 1860. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *The Stones of Venice*, *Unto this Last*, and *Sesame and Lilies* followed. Ruskin died in 1900. His prose is a model of stately diction, which enriched our language by a return to the full vocabulary, the rolling periods of the Elizabethans.

Samuel Johnson (p. 154) was born at Lichfield in 1709. Educated at Oxford, he became a chaplain and later a tutor. Unsuccessful in the latter position, he went up to London and began to contribute to various journals. From 1747-55 he was engaged in compiling his great *Dictionary of the English Language*, which is his chief work; although incorrect in the etymological part, this great work is otherwise accurate and comprehensive. Johnson died in 1784.

James Anthony Froude (p. 162) was born in Devonshire in 1818. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford. In 1843 he took holy orders, but his religious views changing, he gave up a clerical life and devoted himself to literature. His chief work was his *Life of Carlyle*, which appeared in 1882. He also wrote a *History of England*. As a historian and biographer, Froude has made his mark on the literature of the present day. He ranks amongst the greatest prose writers of the nineteenth century. He died in 1894.

Sir Richard Steele (p. 169) was of Irish origin and a school-fellow of Addison. He was educated at Oxford, but left without taking a degree. In 1709 he first issued the *Tatler*, a periodical magazine; this was succeeded by the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. In the production of these periodicals, Addison supplied him with constant and powerful aid. Steele died in 1729. He is one of our leading essayists, and the founder, with Addison, of our periodical literature.

Robert Burns (p. 177) was born in Ayrshire in 1759, the son

of a farmer of the humblest class. He endeavoured himself to conduct a farm, but failed. He was relieved from poverty by obtaining a humble appointment in the excise service, the duties of which fostered habits of intemperance, which had been gradually growing upon him. He died in 1796. His chief poems are *Halloween*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *The Jolly Beggars*, and *Tam o' Shanter*; besides these, he wrote an unequalled collection of songs. He is the greatest poet that Scotland has produced.

Edward George Lytton (p. 179) was born in 1803. He was educated at Cambridge, where he won the chancellor's prize for a poem on *Sculpture*. In 1831 he entered parliament, and later, became secretary of state for the colonies. In 1866 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Lytton. He died in 1873. The more important of his numerous works are *Eugene Aram*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *The Last of the Barons*, and *Harold*. His *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu* are among the most popular of English plays. After Dickens and Thackeray, Lytton is the most popular master of fiction of his age.

John Bunyan (p. 183) was born near Bedford in 1628. He was brought up as a brasier, and used to spend much of his time preaching nonconformist doctrines. At the age of eighteen he entered military service in the Parliamentary army, and on the Restoration he was convicted of holding conventicles, and imprisoned for twelve years in Bedford jail, where he probably composed the wonderful allegory the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He died in 1688. Bunyan is the greatest master of allegory that ever existed.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (p. 187) was born in Devonshire in 1772, and educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge. After serving a short time as a private soldier, he turned his attention to literature. In 1798 he visited Germany; after his return, he took up his abode in the Lake district near Wordsworth and Southey. He died in 1834. His chief poems are *Genevieve*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Odes*; his chief prose works, *Fall of Robespierre* and *The Watchman*. Coleridge is the most original of modern poets; he also takes rank as a prose writer of high ability.

Adam Smith (1723-1790) (p. 199) continued in England the work of the French Physiocrats. He was a Scotchman, and professor of logic and of moral philosophy in the University of

Glasgow. His most important work is the *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, which laid the foundation for modern economic science.

John Tillotson (p. 203) was born near Halifax in 1630. Educated at Cambridge, he was able to make himself agreeable to authority both after the Restoration and after the Revolution. In 1691 he was made Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 1694. His works consist mainly of sermons, and he ranks as one of the most popular pulpit orators of his day.

William Cowper (p. 206), born in 1731, had a singularly sad life. After being cowed by bullying at a private school, he was sent to Westminster school, and ultimately received the appointment of clerk of the journals in the House of Lords. He was quite unsuited for the post, and attempted to commit suicide. Insanity followed, from which he partially recovered after a short period. It was not until comparatively late in life that he began a literary career. His chief poems are *The Task*, *Table Talk*, *Truth*, *The Progress of Error*, and the famous ballad *John Gilpin*. He died in 1800. Of all poets, Cowper is essentially the painter of domestic life. His poems have seldom been surpassed for truth and picturesqueness.

David Hume (p. 209) was born in Scotland in 1711, and received his education at Edinburgh University. He spent some years abroad with the intention of preserving his independence by frugal living and of devoting himself to intellectual labour. On his return to England in 1737, he began to produce philosophical essays. In 1752 he was appointed librarian to the Scottish Faculty of Advocates, when he began his chief work, the *History of England*, the first volume of which appeared in 1754, and the fifth and last in 1761. He died in 1776. Hume's *History* was the first example in English of the highest kind of historical composition. His *Essays* won for him a high place in the history of philosophy.

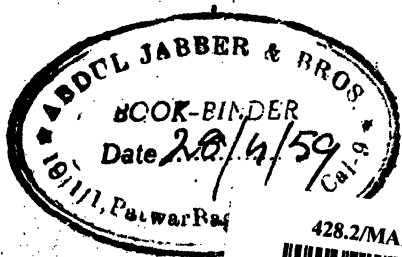
George Berkeley (p. 216) was born in Kilkenny in 1685. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he became a fellow in 1707. In 1709 appeared his *Theory of Vision*, and in 1710 his *Principles of Human Knowledge*. He was made Bishop of Cloyne in 1735, and died in 1753. Berkeley is one of the most brilliant of our philosophical and theological writers.

Thomas Gray (p. 219) was born in London in 1716. He

was educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he became professor of history in 1768. His beautiful *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, published in 1747, was his first publication; it, however, made no impression at the time. In 1750 he completed his *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, which established his reputation; the *Findaric Odes*, the *Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard* followed. Gray died in 1771. He is the greatest of the exclusively lyrical poets that England had produced at his period. He is chiefly celebrated for his splendid odes.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (p. 223), was born in London in 1678, and educated at Eton. He entered parliament in 1700, and became secretary of state during the reign of Queen Anne. Owing to his negotiations with the Young Pretender he was impeached for high treason by Robert Walpole, and lived an exile in France for seven years. In 1723 he was pardoned, and returned to England, where he amused the remaining years of his life by the composition of many political, moral, and philosophical essays. His chief works are the *Idea of a Patriot King*, the *Letters on the Study and Use of History*, and his *Philosophical Writings*.

Roger Ascham (p. 231) was born in Yorkshire in 1515, and educated privately and at Cambridge, where he devoted himself especially to the study of Latin and Greek, becoming a fellow of St. John's College. In 1544 he wrote *Toxophilus*, a book designed to encourage the practice of archery, which won for him the favour of Henry VIII. In 1562, when tutor to Queen Elizabeth, he brought out his more important work *The Schoolmaster*, which is still valuable for the principles of teaching that it contains. He died in 1568. Ascham's place in English literature depends on the simple vigour of his prose. His style is easy and straightforward, and that too at a time when literary composition was seldom attempted in England.



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